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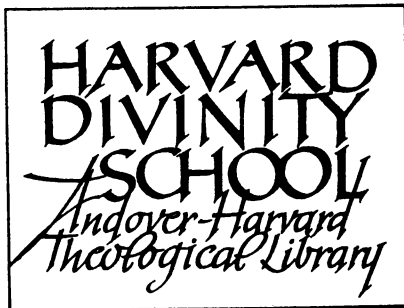
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SONGS of the CHURCH.

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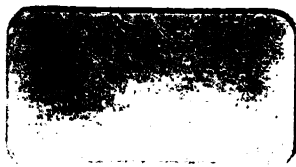


FROM THE MARBLE OF
Rev. Charles Hutchins

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Received June 6, 1939

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee who have been appointed to investigate the case of the late Mr. J. H. Smith.

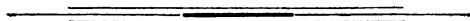


Songs of the Church

EDITED BY

J. B. LITLER, M.A., OXON.,

VICAR OF HAYTON, YORK.



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P R E F A C E.

Nearly all the tunes in this Supplemental Book of Sacred Song are new, or unknown. The exquisite Elizabethan melodies are from Queen Elizabeth's virginal book.

No tune has been repeated.

The editor is indebted for copyright tunes to Revs. J. Skinner, W. Stratford, G. Grantham; J. Walsh, Esq.; Messrs. Morgan & Scott; Messrs. Boosey & Co.

All the tunes, except the above seven copyright tunes, have been harmonised by the editor.

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SACRED SONGS.

SONGS FOR PILGRIMS.

1

BADEN.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

*MENDELSSOHN.



- 1 O LEAVE we all for Jesus !
The world that fades away,
The flesh with its wild passions
And Satan's tyrant away ;
We leave it all for Jesus ;
Nor will we count it loss,
For who, the fine gold gaining,
Will grudge to lose the dross.
- 2 We leave it all for Jesus !
Earth's voices fill the air,
Fain had she lured with pleasure,
Or pressed us back with care !
But "Hear my voice, O daughter,"
The heavenly Bridegroom cried,
"Leave also thine own country,
And come and be my bride."
- 3 We leave it all for Jesus !
O Christ ! Thy love constrains,
We follow in Thy triumph,
Thou leadest us in chains,

- Fetters of grace and mercy,
To Thine own courts above ;
Thy chariot wheels—salvation,
Thy yoke—eternal love.
- 4 Farewell, ye fading visions !
Farewell, our native land !
Thy vows, O God ! are on us ;
Henceforth, a pilgrim band,
We seek our home in Zion,
With Jesus for our guide,
An army of cross-bearers
Led by the Crucified.
 - 5 Yea, we leave all for Jesus !
And bending at Thy shrine,
Present our souls and bodies
Henceforward to be Thine ;
Oh, seal us with Thy Spirit,
And take us for Thine own ;
And Thine are we for ever,
Good Lord, and Thine alone.
- Amen.

2

ST. EWEN.

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

J. B. LITLER.



1 FAREWELL ! world of sorrow,
 Bitterness and strife ;
 I will only use thee
 As the road to life !
 Farewell, world of sadness,
 Farewell, earthly joys ;
 For my heart is seeking
 Bliss that never cloy.

2 Strains of heav'nly music,
 Sights surpassing fair,
 Steal upon my senses,
 Fall upon mine ear.
 Joys of ageless gladness,
 Peace that none can tell,
 Banishes all sadness,
 Satisfies me well.

3 Languishing for Jesus,
 Longing for His love,
 Thus I'll journey onwards,
 To my home above.
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 To my Lord I give,
 Yearning to behold Him,
 Dying whilst I live.

4 In the lone, still night watch,
 'Mid the noontide light,
 Yearns my soul for Jesus ;
 Here it seems all night.
 Pant I for the morning,
 And the day star's gleam,
 When in endless sunshine,
 Dies earth's weary dream.

5 Upwards then, and onwards,
 Soars my hoping soul,
 Jesu's arms are open,
 Jesu's heart her goal.
 Then my love shall kiss me,
 Call me all His own,
 Wrap me in His brightness,
 Rest me near His throne.

6 All is love and beauty ;
 Jesus, He is there !
 All is peace and pleasure,
 All surpassing fair !
 Praise we then the Father,
 With the glorious Son ;
 Praise to God the Spirit,
 Likewise shall be done. Amen.

CADIZ.

3

*SPANISH MELODY.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.</p> | <p>3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear:
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?</p> |
| <p>2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee:</p> | <p>4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise:</p> |

Amen.

4

LLANLLOWELL.

C.M.

WELSH TUNE.



1 LEAD on, O Lord, Thy servants on,
Through this dark wilderness,
Under the banner of Thy Son,
To realms of perfect bliss.

2 There congregate the saints of old
Around their Saviour King,
While hymns, from harps of burnished gold
Through all the concave ring.

3 We long to join that holy throng,
To wear those robes of white,
To raise with them the matchless song,
And linger in Thy light.

4 We long to see Thy glorious face,
Its mystic veil remove,
The full effulgence which we trace
Already in Thy love.

5 O glorious hope of them that love,
To be where Thou art gone !
O rich reward of struggling saints,
When they the race have run.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen,

ST. AUBIN.

5

J. B. LITLER.



1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom

Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from
home;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but
now

Lead Thou me on

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
still

Will lead me on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces
smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

ST. CHAD.

6

J. B. LITTLER.



1 Sons of day,
Who to Christ our King belong,
In your burnished faith be strong,—
Come away,
For God's promise it is sure,
His rewards they shall endure.

2 Come away,
Where no shadows in a glass
Where no flowers appear to pass
To decay,
But undying is the rose,
And the Light no waning knows.

3 Come away,
Where the azure skies above
Is the House of them that love

All the day,
And the saints for ever sing
Hallelujahs to their King.

4 Come away.
Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
While ye may,
Lift your faces to the skies;
God Himself shall be your Prize.

5 Come away,
Where the happy heavenly host
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Come away,
For God's promise it is sure,
His rewards they shall endure. Amen.

CULHAM.

7

J. B. LITLER.



1 O TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store:
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
 ground.

2 Soul, do not delay,
 He calls thee away:
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the
 glad day.
 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort;
 Go, follow him, go.

3 Perhaps, with the aim
 To honour his name,
 I may do some service, poor dust tho' I am.
 Yet this is confess'd,
 I count it most bless'd,
 As at the beginning, in him to find rest,

4 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
 And this is the race
 I will run, of Thy grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's
 Face. Amen.

8

ST. GILES.

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



1 As Jacob with travel was weary one day,
At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,
He saw in a vision a ladder so high,
That its foot was on earth and its top in
the sky.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,
And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for
me.

2 This ladder is long, it is strong and well-
made,
Has stood hundreds of years, and is not
yet decayed;
Many millions have climbed it and reached
Sion's hill,
And thousands by faith are climbing it
still.

3 Come, let us ascend: all may climb who will;
For the angels of Jacob are guarding it still:
And remember, each step that by faith we pass o'er,
Some prophet or martyr hath trod it before.

4 And when we arrive at the haven of rest,
We shall hear the glad words "Come up hither, ye blest,
Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss,"—
O! who would not climb such a ladder as this?

MASINI.

9

*MASINI.



D.O.



1 My Lord, in glory reigning,
Upon the glassy sea,
By angel-hosts surrounded,
Is thinking still on me.
My heart for joy is dancing,
My lamp is burning clear;
The Bridegroom bids me enter,
If I but persevere.

2 My Lord a land is ruling,
The land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banished,
And all is love and light.
What though my lot be lowly!
What though my way be drear!
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that kingdom,
If I but persevere.

3 My Lord a home is building,
A mansion passing fair,
Of orient pearl and burnished gold,
Of jewels, costly, rare:

A home where nothing wanteth;
Away with doubt and fear!
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that mansion,
If I but persevere.

4 My Lord a crown prepareth,
A crown of dazzling light,
For all His faithful children
Who conquer in the fight.
In sorest fight, hard driven,
This thought my heart will cheer:
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that garland,
If I but persevere.

5 My Lord a song is teaching
The angel choirs on high;
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery;
A song to greet the wanderer,
To heaven's gate drawing near,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that welcome,
If I but persevere.

10

AVON. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

J. B. LITTLER.



DENBIGH. [SECOND TUNE.]

*WELSH AIR.



1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come :
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the field of God ;

He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace break every fetter
That witholds my heart from Thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Amen.

11

ST. FAITH. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



ST. LAMBERT. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian Angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
" Watch and pray."

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
" Watch and pray."

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
" Watch and pray."

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way :
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
" Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
" Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
" Watch and pray."

y

12

SEVILLE.

[FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6 7.6.7.6.

*SPANISH AIR.



DISCOED.

[SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.





1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend !
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near :
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me—
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will :
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control :
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul !

4 O let me see Thy Features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake ;
The look that beamed on Peter
When he Thy Name denied ;
The look that draws Thy lovers
Close to Thy pierced Side.

5 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !

6 O let me see Thy Foot-marks,
And in them plant my own ;
My hope to follow duly,
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour, and my Friend.

Amen.

13

8.7.8.7.

CLEMENTI.

CLEMENTI.



1 FAIRER grows the earth each morning
To the eyes that watch aright !
Every dew-drop sparkles warning
Of a miracle in sight.

2 Of some unsuspected glory
Waiting in the old and plain ;
Poet's dream nor traveller's story
Paints such wonders as remain.

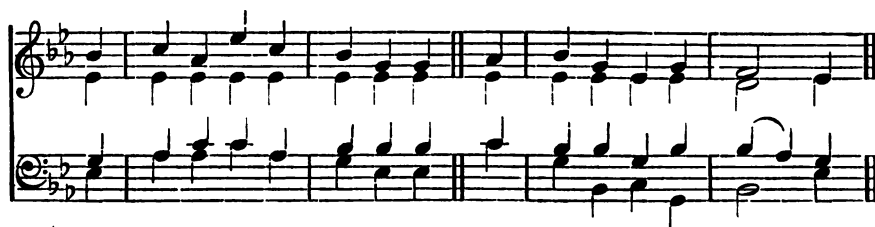
3 Everywhere the gate of beauty
Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth or duty,
All along new glory flings.

4 Grace to grace still daily added,
Lift us, Lord, earth's portals through ;
Lead us onward, upward ever
From the old unto the new. Amen.

DIDCOT.

14

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning;"

We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our glorious home is in the skies,
For ever, oh! for ever,

WALLERSCOTE.

15

J. B. LITLER.

Smoothly.

CHORUS.

- 1 HARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
 How sweet the truths those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life where sin shall be no more.
 Angels of Jesus; angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

- The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
 'Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

YEOVIL.

16



1 NEARER, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer (the sun gone
 down),
 Darkness be over me—my rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

3 Then let the way appear steps unto heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright
 with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs *Bethel* I'll raise:
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
 Amen.

17

SPIRES. [FIRST TUNE.]

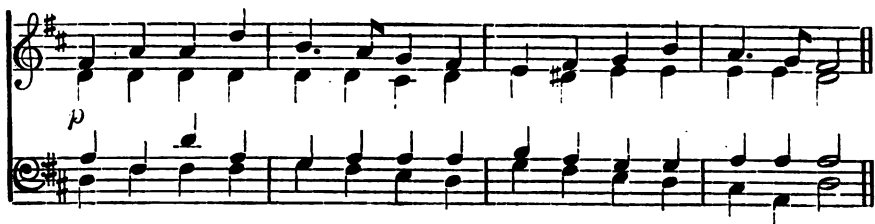
8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

*FOUNDED ON SCHUBERT.



ST. ASAPH. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.
 And before us through the darkness
 Gleameth clear the guiding Light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 And steps fearless through the night.

2 One the Light of God's dear Presence,
 Never in its work to fail,
 Which illumines the wild rough places,
 Of this gloomy haunted vale.
 One, the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain which lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun,
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the Resurrection shore,
 With one Father o'er us shining,
 In His love for evermore.

4 Go we onward, pilgrim brothers,
 Visit first the Cross and Grave,
 Where the Cross its shadow flingeth,
 Where the boughs of cypress wave.
 Then—a shaking as of earthquakes,
 Then—a rending of the tomb,
 Then—a scattering of all shadows,
 And an end of toil and gloom. Amen.

18

ST. MONAN.

D. C. M.

*HAYDN.



- 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day,
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
 Chase all our griefs away :
 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.
- 2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of Thy royal Name,
 And own Thee as their King ;

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
 In memory of Thy love.

- 3 O come with all Thy quickening power,
 With one awakening smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile :
 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruit
 Of grace and peace divine ;
 Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

19

GALUPPI,

7.7.7.7.

GALUPPI.





- 1 "EBENEZER, hitherto,"
Now through sun, and now through
shower—
With the help of God in view,
Have I reached the present hour.
- 2 Many a heavy day has pass'd,
Many a summer sun shone bright,
Yet the sky most overcast,
Ever has been pierc'd by light.
- 3 And the light that shone so clear,
As it were an endless ray,

- Of in clouds of doubt and fear,
Has withdrawn its beams away.
- 4 Light to cheer, and clouds to warn,
I shall tread my journey by,
Till the rising of that morn,
When no cloud shall stain the sky.
- 5 As I travel, let me own
To what arm my help is due;
Mark some monitory stone,
"Ebenezer, hitherto." Amen

20

DROMORE.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

IRISH MELODY.



- 1 BLESSED Jesus, we implore Thee,
Let us, cleans'd and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before Thee,
And in Thee by faith abide;
Sanctified
Both in body and in mind.
- 2 Unto us Thy name's sweet savour
Is as ointment poured forth;
In thine eyes we have found favour,
Tho' deprav'd and void of worth;
And Thy banner
Over us is love divine.

- 3 We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
Open'd when the Lord did bleed;
Thence deriving
Grace, and life, and holiness.
- 4 There, with trimmed lamps we'll tarry,
Till the Lord comes from on high,
Watch in prayer and n'er be weary,
But await the midnight cry:
As wise virgins
May we then before Thee stand.

Amen.

21

ARTH.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

GERMAN.



- 1 Jesu, Lord, we hail Thee King ;
 To Thy name hosannas sing ;
 Ever with Thy day's return
 Thoughts of Thee within us burn,
 Till we seem Thy voice to hear,
 Till we know that Thou art near.
- 2 'Mid life's treacherous scenes we stand,
 Far off lies the pleasant land ;
 Dangers wait wherein we go,

Lurks on every hand a foe :
 Strait and steep the heavenward way,—
 Saviour, leave us not to stray.

- 3 Faithful Shepherd, let us share
 Day by day Thy tender care ;
 In temptation's fearful hour
 Save us from its deadly power ;
 Thou for us Thyself didst give,
 Teach us how for Thee to live. Amen.

22

RICHMOND.

C. M.





- 1 I bow me to Thy will, O God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live I'll seek
To please Thee more and more.
- 2 I love to kiss each print where Christ
Did set His pilgrim feet;
Nor can I fear that blessed path,
Whose traces are so sweet.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed Lord,
For all my cares are Thine;

- I live in triumph, too, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 4 And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness
And, patient, waits on Thee.
- 5 Lead on, lead on, triumphantly,
O blessed Lord, lead on!
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee seek
The road that Thou hast gone.

Amen.

23

MARSTON.

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 I SOJOURN in a vale of tears;
Alas! how can I sing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Distuned in every string.
- 2 My music is a captive's chain,
Harsh sounds my ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet Sion's song,
On this side Sion's hill?
- 3 Yet, lo! I hear a joyful sound;
"Surely I quickly come";—
Each word much sweetness doth distil
Like a full honey-comb.
- 4 And dost Thou come, my dearest Lord?
And dost Thou surely come?
And dost Thou surely quickly come?
Methinks I am at home.

- 5 Come then, my own, my dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest Friend;
Come, for I loathe these Kedar tents,
Thy fiery chariots send.
- 6 What have I here? my thoughts and joys
Are all pack'd up and gone;
My eager soul would follow them
To Thine eternal Throne.
- 7 I have a God that changeth not;
Why should I be perplexed?
My God that owns me in this world
Will crown me in the next.
- 8 Go fearless, then, my soul, with God
Into another room,—
Thou who hast long walked with him
here,
Go see thy God at home. Amen.

24

ST. GODRIC.

10.10.10.10.

*ST. GODRIC. A.D. 1160.



1 LIGHT are their steps, who in life's earliest dawn

The mountain-tops of heavenly Life ascend,
Nor ever from the straighter path descend,
Fixing their eyes upon the journey's end.

2 Sweetest, best thoughts are theirs, such as have striven

With childhood, and with dawning conscience blend,
To flee all other love but that of heaven,
Ere laden with sin, and much to be forgiven.

3 Thrice happy they, who as they draw more near

More clearly can discern their being's end,
Who gird their loins with hope, and year by year
Unto their glorious Home still steadier wend.

4 O may we thus continually ascend

Unto the straighter path, nor ever bend
Our firm resolve from that most steadfast way
Until we've reached Thy realms of endless day. Amen.

25

MEINHELD.

GERMAN.





1 DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Speed us onward to the dead ;
Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed !
All our years are like the shadows
Which on sunny uplands lie ;
Like the grasses in the meadows,
Which spring upward but to die.

2 Jesu, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer,
Now to make the eternal choice.
From the deadly wiles of Satan,
Shield us while we linger here ;
Keep, O keep us, blessed Jesus,
At Thy side till Thou appear. Amen.

26

GRASMERE.

J. B. LITLER.



1 PRESS on to the heavenly hall ;
Give up all for Jesus, all ;
Though thy lot be sorely cast,
Hold thou thy profession fast ;—
All for Jesus, all.

2 Dark and drear thy path may be,
Sink thou not despondingly ;
Trust in Him although He slay ;
Sing along the dusty way—
All for Jesus, all.

3 Follow those who've gone before,
Who have reached the deathless shore ;

Hark, how from their seats on high
With united voice they cry—
All for Jesus, all.

4 Think of those blest men of faith
Who resisted unto death,
With what fortitude they died,
How amid the flames they cried—
All for Jesus, all.

5 Think how near thou art to heaven,
How the palm shall soon be given ;
On thy journey stop nor stay ;
Be thy watchword all the way—
All for Jesus, all.

27

WREXHAM.

*[ATTRIBUTED TO HENRY VIII.] A.D. 1516.

*Last line of last verse.*

1 LORD of peoples, Lord of lands,
 Look across these desert sands,
 Through the furnace of the noon,
 Through the white light of the moon;
 Strong the simoon blast is blowing,
 Strange and dark the world is growing;
 Speak and tell us where we are going?
 Where are we going, where?

2 We were like the leaves and sand,
 Scattered freely o'er the land;
 We were many, we are few;
 Life has one, and death has two;
 Whitened bones our path are showing;
 Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing,
 Hear us, tell us where are we going?
 Where are we going, where?

3 Far beyond our wistful eyes
 Beulah land all hidden lies:
 Stranger round us day by day
 Bends the desert circle grey:

Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
 Hot the winds above them blowing—
 Lord of all things, where are we going?
 Where are we going, where?

4 We are weak, but Thou art strong;
 Short our lives, but Thine is long;
 We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;
 We are fools, but Thou art wise;
 Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
 Through the strange world round us
 growing,
 Hear us, tell us where are we going?
 Where are we going, where?

5 Glorious mansions far above,
 Vision of sweet peace and love,
 Happy throngs in radiant climes,
 Where Old Time's clock never chimes,
 Endless alleluias flowing,
 Praises louder, louder growing,—
 Tell us, tell us, there we are going,
 There we are going, there.

CHURCH SONGS.

USK.

28

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



1 HARK to the old bell's chime,
To the sound our fathers knew !
Come in the morning prime :
The sun shines on the dew.

CHORUS.

They call us, they call us !
How sweetly, how sweetly they ring !
And no griefs appal us
At the thoughts which they bring.

2 Hark to the old bell's chime !
For our kindred are waiting there ;
Come in the morning prime,
And join in the holy prayer.

3 O come, while memory breathes
Of the faithful, tried, and true ;
And her dewy garland wreathes,
With flowers that on the tomb grew.

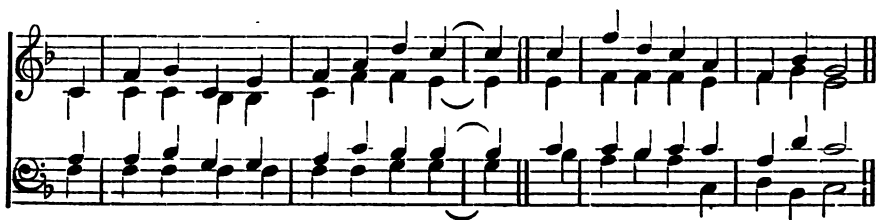
4 The storm cloud may lower,
The wild wind may rush ;
But the Voice that is power
The tempest shall hush, shall hush.

5 Hark to the old bell's chime !
They are pealing of thanks and praise :
Come in the morning prime !
There is promise of brighter days.

TABLEY.

29

J. B. LITLER.



1 The old church bell so full and swelling,
Whose rich vibrations greet the ear,
To me in solemn note is telling
Of faith, of hope, of heaven near.

2 My heart with holy joy is bounding,
From earth my thoughts are on the wing,
When'er the welcome call is sounding
That bids me join the choir and sing.

3 Sweet dews of heaven are o'er me falling,
Subduing all my soul to love;
O voice of God for ever calling
To bid me join the choir above!

4 How shall I tread the holy precincts?
Grant, Lord, my prayer may be allowed,
[Lifted from out a heart unworthy,]
Commingling with the witness cloud.

Amen.

30

NORTHWICH.

S.M.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 I LOVE Thy Church, O God ;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 2 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

31

SOUTHPORT.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 YON shining shore is nearer,
The saints in robes of light,
With harps and golden vials,
Are almost within sight !
Hark ! at the mighty anthem
That rolls across the sea,
“ We give Thee praise and glory,
Eternal Trinity.”
- 2 “ A little while ” they’ve left us,
To tread the desert sand,
But Jesus is beside us,
We march at His command ;
And soon our dusty raiment
We’ll lay for aye aside,
And with our Saviour’s likeness
We shall be glorified.

- 3 Amidst our tears and conflicts,
We almost can discern
The radiant Throne before us,
“ The lamps ” that ever burn,—
The Father’s dazzling Glory,—
The Lamb whose blood was shed,
The living, Kingly Jesus,
Who once for us was dead.
- 4 We come to-day to worship,
We bring our gifts to Thee,
Our hearts, our gold, our praises,
Thou blessed Trinity !
O take our humble offering
And seal us for Thine own ;
Give us to serve Thee wholly
And live to Thee alone. Amen.

32, 33

LULLY.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

*LULLY.



32

1 HOME of the saints ! whose gable high
Upraises the Redeemer's sign,
Whose curiously—wrought tracery
O'er bending arch and mullion twine ;
Surely Thou art a holy place
Which God Himself doth deign to grace.

2 Home of the saints ! Oh, ever dear
Thy hallowed walls to me shall be !
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
Gladly my spirit turns to Thee ;
Thou emblem meet of that abode
Where all is peace, and all is God.

3 Home of the saints ! dear open door
That calls the thoughtless world to God ;
I pass along thy marble floor,
By every foot in freedom trod ;
I make an acceptable prayer,
For God will ever meet me there.

33

1 Lo, God is here : let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place :
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face :
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo, God is here : Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will ;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

34

7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITLER.

ALNE.





1 FLEEING from the world away,
Lord, we come to seek Thy face;
Meet us smilingly, we pray;
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless Thy Light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of righteousness; dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
Let Thy Light within us dwell,
Till the eternal day appears.

4 Let our hearts glow as we praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise;
Fill us with Thy heavenly love.

Amen.

35

ly

CARNARVON.

L.M.

*WELSH TUNE.



1 UNTO Thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship Thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity.

2 The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as Thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

3 And dwell Thou with us in this place,
O Jesu Christ, to guide and bless;
Here make the well-springs of Thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

4 May Thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy heavenly light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine. Amen

36

ROXBURGH.

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



1 I LOVE the Church of God,
The holy guiding light,
On th' path our fathers trod,
For ever shining bright;
The Church where saint and sage
Have found in every clime
Rest on their pilgrimage,
In many a weary time.

2 Her everlasting fanes,
Built up with holy skill,
Where she in beauty reigns,
All earth with glories fill.
The ark of God is there,
Shrine of the King of kings,
Where children bent in pray'r,
Are screen'd by angels' wings.

3 Her holy sacrifice
Of daily song and prayer,
Ascendeth to the skies,
In fragrance rich and rare.
Her lamp burns manifold,
With oil sent from above,
Its rays are living gold,
The sacraments of Love.

4 The noble sons of art
Along her pathway cast
Gifts of the hand and heart,
Now, as in ages past.
Oh! follow ye the Bride
Upon her journey blest,
For Jesus is her guide,
And leadeth her to rest.

37

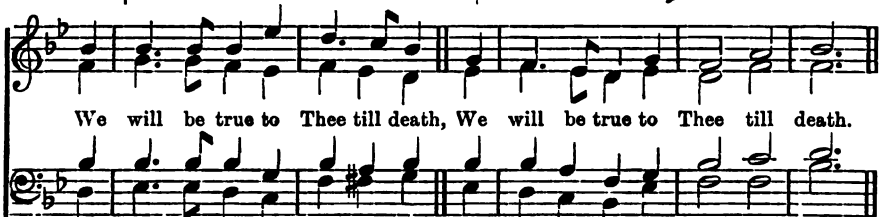
BEETHOVEN.

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

BEETHOVEN.



CHORUS.



We will be true to Thee till death, We will be true to Thee till death.

- 1 FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O, how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word.

CHORUS.

Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to Thee till death.

- 2 Our father's chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;

How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee.

- 3 Faith of our fathers! Faith and prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee!
And through the truth that comes from God,
O, then indeed we shall be free.

- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

38

RUSSIA.

L. M.

RUSSIAN AIR.



- 1 KNIT in one Hope and in one Faith,
One Body march we through the earth;
We'll swerve not from Church-truth astray
But follow in the good old way.

- 2 However great our perils be,
Christ shall give us the victory,
Our strength shall be even as our day,
While we march in the good old way.

- 3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart!
And may our actions always say,
"We're marching in the good old way."

- 4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
Our peace and concord to destroy,
In grace complete we'll gain the day,
And run with joy the good old way.

- 5 Elect of God, for Christ contend;
Remember, Glory is at the end;
And Thou Thy soldier's crown shalt be,
When we have run the good old way.

- 6 Head of Thy glorious church, to Thee
Let ceaseless praise uplifted be,
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
From all Thy saints unnumbered host

Ar

39

DELHI.

[HYMN OF THE BRAHMINS].

* INDIAN AIR.



CHORUS.



- 1 AMID a forest dark and dim and dread,
Whose solemn shades no eye can penetrate,
There is a spot more bright and beautiful
Than heart can comprehend;—it is my
home.

CHORUS.

Church of my birth,
Thou art my home for aye
Mine while I live
And mine, too, when I die.

- 2 O, there the blessed Spirit broods for aye !
He makes that dwelling-place a heaven on
earth ;
And there the skies are as the crystal pure ;
The eye looks through their clear expanse
to God.

- 3 The perfume-laden air is filled with light
And life ; a rainbow spans it like a crown
Of tearless glory ; and the forest trees
Sweep round it in a belt of living green.

- 4 One voice is there ; it is the voice of joy ;
Sight has one object, Jesus Christ alone ;—
Then, if some rain-drops from a passing
cloud
Fall on my home, Oh ! 'tis but for an hour.

- 5 Or, if some evil beast at dead of night
Invade, with discord and disunion rife,
The ever-glowing light him scares away ;
He cannot break the peace of my bright
home.

40

GOGERDDAN.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

* WELSH AIR.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Sion, city of our God ;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 Thine the streams of living waters
Springing from the throne above ;
Thither speed Thy sons and daughters
There all thirst they slake in love :

Who can faint while such a river
Shall their daily thirst assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Though voice after voice grows silent,
Still the stream comes flowing by ;
And still falls from lips unnumbered
Glorious creed and Liturgy.
'Neath Thy wings, O Christ, defend us,
Till the night of trial's past,—
Till o'er earth's departing mountains
Thy grand day-break stream at last.
Am

BYTON.

41

J. B. LITLER.



1 THE moon was bright, that Paschal night,
O'er Cedron's dark and rocky dell;
And Cedron's torrent, glancing bright,
As silver flashed and fell.

2 The Saviour stood, and prayed, "I would
That those whom Thou hast given Me
Should ever stand, a constant band,
In steadfast Unity."

3 "That from the fold wherein I hold
The sheep I love, should wander none;
As Thou in Me, and I in Thee,
They all may be as one."

4 As Cedron flows from whence it rose
Onestream throughout from source to sea,

The Church in time and every clime
Is one, and one will be.

5 Though many a rill falls in to fill
The shining river as it glides,
Yet none will think to o'er-leap the brink,
Each in the bed abides.

6 And all the same with common aim
And common impulse onward flow;
And none rebel, but join to swell,
One stream as on they go.

7 O keep us, Lord, the sole Adored,
In Unity assured with Thee,
All one in Faith, all one in Hope
And one in Charity. Amen.

42

WALTON.

11.10.11.10.





1 THE Church of our fathers ! so dear to our souls !

Dear, dear as the life-blood within us that rolls !

We'll rally around her, by dangers unawed ;
The Church of our fathers ! the Church of our God !

2 Built on the apostles and prophets alone,
On Jesus, the Saviour and chief corner-stone ;

The winds may arise, and her prospects deform ;
She fears not the tempest ; she dreads not the storm.

3 Her army of martyrs for truth nobly stood ;
Her rights and her charters they signed with their blood,

Asserted her freedom, and sent forth abroad
The light and the truth, and the pure word of God.

4 The floods may descend, the foe may assail ;
No weapon against her shall ever prevail ;
The Church of our fathers for ages hath stood,
Cemented and sealed by the martyrs' blood.

5 From the Church of our fathers we'll never depart ;
She's entwined round each fibre, each nerve of our heart ;
The Church of our fathers ! our glory and crown,
We will, unimpaired, to our children hand down. Amen.

MOSTYN.

43

J. B. LITTLER.



1 Or old, O Lord, Thy word was plight,
At even-tide there shall be light ;—
Now darkly lowers the fearsome night ;
Jesu, help and save.

2 Chill, wintry gusts are sweeping by,
All faintly gleams the shrouded sky,
The stars are fading from on high :
Jesu, help and save.

3 Cold is the saints' unshrinking faith,
The hope that cheered the martyr's death ;
Love freezes at the worldling's breath ;
Jesu, help and save.

4 O Lord, Thy promised Light display,
Lest wandering from the ancient way,
Self-confident we fondly stray ;
Jesu, help and save.

5 Thou only good, Thou only true,
When faith is weak and friends are few,
Do Thou Thy glorious Light renew ;
Jesu, help and save.

6 Beside the altars of our land,
Unworthy of Thy love we stand ;
O Lord, we wait Thy helping hand ;
Jesu, help and save. Amen

44

NEVADA.

12.11.12.11.



- 1 O CHURCH of my childhood! in life's early
dawning
You seemed like an Eden all peaceful
and fair;
While o'er you there rested the freshness
of morning
When all her rich fragrance exhales on
the air.
- 2 Not lovelier the vision when, o'er the hills
streaming,
The rising sun floods all the landscape
with light,
Than seemed to these eyes, with the light
of joy beaming,
The treasures of hope that here met my
sight.
- 3 Nopalace that monarch hath builded in glory
Hath splendors that ever for me can
compare
With the dear lowly fane, the crown of
whose story
Is this,—that the Church of my child-
hood was there!
- 4 O memory! thoughts in thy dim cells are
waking,
That might I now utter, these lips
would not dare!
My father and mother, the silver cord
breaking,—
T'was given you the form of the angels
to wear.
- 5 'Neath yonder green turf long your ashes
have slumbered,
Of earth's beating tempests unheeded
the roar;
- Long, long have you been with the shining
ones numbered;
Let your beautiful garments be worn
evermore!
- 6 O brothers! like me, from the loved and
true-hearted
Long severed, still wanderers o'er life's
rugged way,
Ye, too, are now greeting the long since
departed;
For you, too, they hover about us to-day.
- 7 O, well may they join in our thanks, that
still flowing,
We find here the fountain whose waters
oft gave,
When their feet on the desert way weary
were growing,
New hope and new courage, the strength
of the brave.
- 8 O Church of our fathers, right gladly we
find thee
Not like the ship stranded, deserted, and
lone,
But rather with tempests all weathered
behind thee,
And thy canvas well-trimmed to the
breezes free thrown.
- 9 On, on in thy course o'er the yet troubled
waters,
Though it still should be given thee
rough billows to breast;
O Head of Thy Church, Thy sons and Thy
daughters
Look up to Thee; give them Thy peace,
joy, and rest. Amen.

ENNIS.

45

*IRISH AIR.



1 FROM heart to heart, from shore to shore,
 The hidden river runs ;
 It quickens all the ages down,
 It binds the sires to sons,—
 The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
 Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
 Whose meadows are the holy lives
 Upspringing everywhere.

2 How deep it flowed in olden time,
 When men by it were strong
 To dare the untrod wilderness,
 Charmed on by river-song !

Where'er they passed by hill or shore,
 They gave the song a voice,
 Till all the craggy land had heard
 The grand old Faith rejoice.

3 And still it moves, a broadening flood :
 And fresher, fuller grows,
 A sense as if the sea were near,
 Towards which the river flows !
 O Thou, whose will it is, Thy Church
 Should spread from pole to pole,
 Let the grand stream of Thy One Faith
 In widening volume roll. Amen.

46

GAWSWORTH.

J. B. LITLER.



1 WHAT though winds and waves assail thee,
What though foes in scorn bewail thee,
Heaven-bound Ark that braves the sea ;
'Mid the sheeted lightning's glare,
'Mid the thunder's cloudy lair,
Where dark waves meet lurid air,
Thou shalt breast the stormy sea !

2 Thy true course shall ne'er deceive thee,
Thy tried Helmsman never leave thee,
Onward while the world shall last.
Star within the tempest's shroud,
Bow to bind the thunder-cloud,
Music soft when winds are loud,
His sure word is on the blast.

3 Where the Monsoon's wing is folding ;
Where the Moon her court is holding
'Mid stern winter's palaces ;

Where Ohio rolls his pride ;
There thy faithful dove hath hied,
And hath sought thy sheltering side,
With th' immortal branch of peace.

4 By His dying promise given,
By Thy harbour in the Heaven,
Let the wild winds tell their tale ;
By the hearts in His command,
By the gales hid in His hand,
Onward ! to that silent strand,
Lift aloft the solemn sail !

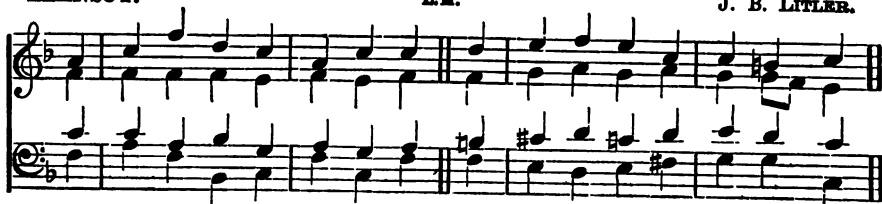
5 Clouds afar thy course are bounding,
Yet the light thy sails surrounding,
Marks a path in gloom for thee.
Onward ! leave the weary world,
Every venturous reef unfurl'd,
High and bright thy pennon curl'd,
Heaven-bound Ark that braves the sea !

47

LLANSOY.

L.M.

J. B. LITLER.





- 1 O LIFE that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with the dew,
In gladness hither turn again.
- 2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one;
- 3 One in the freedom of the Truth,—
The old Church-path which all have trod;

One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

- 4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of Life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new.

- 5 O Life that maketh all things new,
Grant us ever in Thee to dwell,
And in the old Church-path to trace
Thy Presence working all things well.
Amen.

ST. ANSELM.

48

J. B. LITTLER.



- 1 O SACRED Heart,
Our home lies deep in thee;
On earth thou art an exile's rest,
In heaven the glory of the blest.
O sacred Heart,
- 2 O sacred Heart,
Thou fount of contrite tears;
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow,
O sacred Heart.
- 3 O sacred Heart,
Bless our dear fatherland;
May England's sons to truth e'er stand,
With faith's bright banner still in hand,
O sacred Heart.

- 4 O sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in thee;
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest where thou art near,
O sacred Heart.
- 5 O sacred Heart,
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath thy gentle care,
And save us from the tempter's snare,
O sacred Heart.
- 6 O sacred Heart,
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near Thee
In peace and joy eternally,
O sacred Heart. Amen.

49

BLAYDON. [FIRST TUNE.]

SIR STERNDALB BENNETT.



CHORUS.



TALGARTH. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.





CHORUS.



- 1 THE gallant Ship doth ride the wave ;
White clouds are driving merrily ;
Her sails are spread, her skies are blue,
Her red-cross Banner floats on high.

CHORUS.

- O Christ, Thine ocean-wanderers crave
That Thou would'st from all peril save,
Till in Thy home we rest at last,
Our anchor in the deep heaven cast.
- 2-The living Breath, from far above
Descending, blows full fresh behind,
As with soft dews and sunrise fed,
Comes up the laughing morning wind.
- 3 O'er miles of watery way she scuds,
'Mid waves that sparkle, toss, and boil ;

The Faith her chart, she steers aright
Past rocks and shoals, and fears no ill.

- 4 Lo ! now she labours in the gale ;
And through the tempest's mad rack tossed,
The troubled Ship, her sails close furled,
In the dark thunder-cloud is lost.
- 5 As down the sweep of cloven waves
She sinks to the deep chasm below,
The Pilot at the helm doth mock
The mixed thunder of air and sea.
- 6 He speaks the word ; the storm is past ;
The good Ship flies before the wind ;
The shore draws near, the skies are clear,
The cloudy rack is far behind. Amen.

50

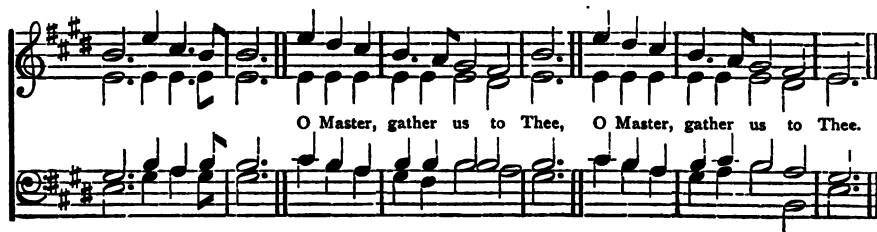
LUCERNE.

D. L. M.

SWISS AIR.



CHORUS.



O Master, gather us to Thee, O Master, gather us to Thee.

I THERE is a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot, enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

CHORUS.

With Thy sweet dew and sunshine blest,
Ripen us each from day to day ;
From vice preserved, from error free,
O Master, gather us to Thee.

2 And many a flower the Master hath ;
O, many a golden star that shines
Forth from its glossy stem, and wide
Its spiritual wings expands.

3 Bright roses and meek violets,
And tender blue-bells at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved ; red paeonies
High martyr-kings all washed with Blood

4 Close to the rivers's trembling edge
Broad flag-flowers, purple, pranked with
white,
And golden buds among the sedge,
And water-lilies, large and bright ;—

5 The Master in His Garden walks,
And cuts and trims as seemeth good ;
Each fades and falls away in turn,
The flowers and weeds He plucks alike,

SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

51

LLANGWM.

11.11.11.11.

*WELSH AIR.



1 In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
 When my heart is o'erwhelmed with trouble
 and care,
 From the ends of the earth unto Thee will
 I cry,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
 To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
 good ;
 I'll pray to the Saviour, who kindly did die.
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 When Thou, Lord, shalt close my pilgrimage
 here ;
 In Jesus' own righteousness may I appear,
 In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,
 And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
 through the skies,
 And the dead from the dust of the earth
 shall arise,
 As I soar in the air to the angels I'll cry,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

5 And when I behold Thee arrayed on Thy
 throne,
 I'll fall at Thy feet, and there cast my
 crown ;
 The malice of Satan and hell I'll defy,
 When I'm safe on the Rock that is higher
 than I.

6 'Tis there I shall meet the dear ransomed
 flock
 Who on earth drank the streams which
 flowed from this rock ;
 With millions I'll join above yonder sky,
 To praise the dear Rock that is higher
 than I. Amen.

CARLSBAD.

52

*FOUNDED ON A GERMAN AIR.



CHORUS.



- 1 Is there trouble in your life?
Cast your care on Jesus.
Is there weakness in the strife?
Cast your care on Jesus.

CHORUS.

Jesus bore it all for you ;
Cast your care on Jesus.
Sin and sorrow, suffering too ;
Cast your care on Jesus.

- 2 Does the flickering lamp die down?
Cast your care on Jesus.
Is your fondest hope all flown?
Cast your care on Jesus.

- 3 Though your heart is full of ill ;
Cast your care on Jesus.

There is One who loves you still ;
Cast your care on Jesus.

- 4 When the cold world hastes to flee,
Cast your care on Jesus.
He His Bosom opens to thee :
Cast your care on Jesus.

- 5 He the aching void will fill ;
Cast your care on Jesus.
He the deadly sore will heal ;
Cast your care on Jesus.

- 6 He will meet you at the door ;
Cast your care on Jesus.
Love and joy will come once more ;
Cast your care on Jesus.

53

PEMBROKE.

8.8.8.6.

J. B. LITTLE.





1 Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with
fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?
'Tis I; be not afraid.

2 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me:
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

4 This bitter cup, I drank it first!
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

6 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I; be not afraid.

HESSEL.

54

J. B. LUTLER.



1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hush'd: the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."
Amen.

55

EDGEHILL. [FIRST TUNE.]

[HEARD IN A DREAM.]

J. B. LITLER.



LEIGH. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 I see not, know not; all my way
Is night; with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm my prayer I lift;
Thy will be done.

2 I take with chastened thankfulness
My burden up, nor ask it less;
And count it joy that such as I
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done.

3 Dim to me yet in tint and line,
I hardly trace Thy wise design,

But pray for grace, amid my sighs,
To climb the hill of sacrifice;
Thy will be done.

4 And if, in my unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine I press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars,
My feet are seamed with crimson scars;
Thy will be done.

5 Strike, Thou the Master, I Thy keys,
The anthem of Thy glorious praise;
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
My heart shall breathe the old refrain.
Thy will be done.
Amen.

56

PEVERIL. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



KILDARE. [SECOND TUNE.]

*FOUNDED ON IRISH MELODY.



- 1 CHILDREN of the endless morning,
Jesu, we would cling to Thee !
All around us day is dawning,
And the midnight shadows flee.
- 2 Let no darkling mists surround us,
Children of the endless day,
Earth's bright forms are all around us,
Tempting from the narrow way.
- 3 Forms of earth, we love and cling to,
Melt away like April snow ;
Soon, too, we are called to follow,
To the dust, to which they go.

- 4 Jesu ! Thou alone abidest,
And with us would still abide,
Still for us Thou intercedest,
Seated by Thy Father's side.
- 5 Sweeter art Thou than the ointment !
Friends will fail when most in need ;
Thou art One will ne'er forsake us,
Thou alone, the Friend indeed.
- 6 Gentle Shepherd, be Thou near us,
Close beside Thee we shall stand.
With Thy loving Eye upon us,
Safe beneath Thy guiding Hand.

PEPPYS.

57

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



1 Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad:
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and friend.

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend.

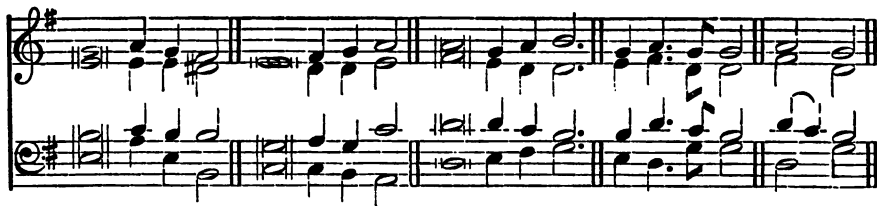
3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend. Amen.

OSBORNE.

58

J. B. LITLER.



1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign,
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done." Amen.

59

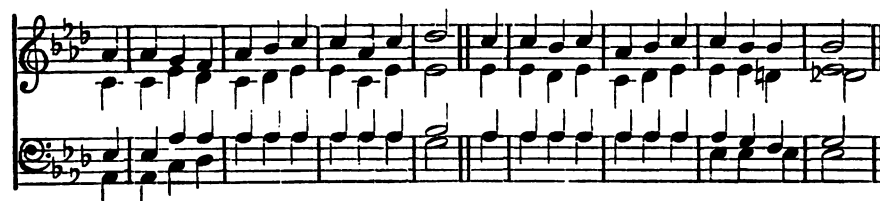
BIDEFORD. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



TOLEDO. [SECOND TUNE.]

SPANISH AIR.



1 I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way,
The few fleeting mornings that dawn on
us here
Are enough for life's sorrows, enough for
its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, no, welcome the
tomb,
Since Jesus has been there I dread not its
gloom;
Then sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.

3 O, who would live alway, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where rivers of pleasures flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet.
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

60

ST. GERMAN.

S.M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."
- 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops, and yearns,
When I remember thee.

- 3 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the Saints' abode?
- 4 God of my life be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen

61

GUBEN.

L.M.

MOZART.





1 'Tis night—but, O the joyful morn
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer;
Yon gleams of coming glory warn
Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.

2 Lord of our hearts, beloved of Thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on Thy tender breast.

3 To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee near,
Nor dread, as now, Thy transient stay;

To dwell beyond the reach of fear
Lest joy should wane or pass away.

4 Children of hope, beloved Lord!
In Thee we live, we glory now;
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty, Thou!

5 So purge us now from sin, we pray,
That we at length Thy throne may
share;
And then for ever Thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory there. Amen.

MELLOR.

62

J. B. LITLER.



1 **PEACE**, perfect peace, in this dark world
of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-
known?
Jesus, we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its
powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall
cease,
And Jesus call us to Heav'n's perfect
peace,

TEIGNMOUTH.

63



1 I'm kneeling at the threshold, aweary,
faint, and sore;
I'm waiting for the dawning, for the open-
ing of the door;
I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me
rise and come
To the glory of His presence, the gladness
of His home.

2 A weary path I've travell'd 'mid darkness,
storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, contending for
my life!
But now the morn is breaking, my toil
will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is
at the door.

3 Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed,
as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine of the un-
clouded land;

Oh! would that I were with them, amid
the shining throng,
United in their worship, rejoicing in their
song!

4 The friends that started with me have
enter'd long ago;
Ah! one by one they left me to struggle
with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph
sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me, when my
work too is done.

5 With them the blessed angels that know
no grief or sin,
I see them at the portals prepared to let
me in;
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and
way are best,
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; my
Father, bid me rest. Amen.

HURON.

64

J. B. LITLER.





- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

- "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

SONGS OF THE HEART.

ST. ARVAN.

65

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross.
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
- 2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,
Love which bore the cross for us.
- 3 Let that love on me be shewn,
Take away the heart of stone;
Make me willing to receive
All Thy goodness waits to give,

- 4 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride.
- 5 Stop the whirlwind of my will;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Christ, Thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.
- 6 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down;
Conquer Thy worst foe in me,
Get Thyself the victory. Am--

STANSBATCH.

66

J. B. LITLER.



1 O Thou the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving lov'st them to the end ;
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day,
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away ;
O say Thou plead'st for me. Amen.

67

NEWLAND.

C. M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 O LORD, afford a sinner light,
In darkness still I stray ;
Star of the soul, appear in sight,
And show the narrow way.
- 2 That way is holy, Christians true
Alone may walk therein,
Who thro' Thy powerful grace subdue
The world, the flesh, the sin.
- 3 Cold is my love, hence sin doth reign,
And grief corrode my heart ;
With things whose only fruit is pain,
How loth am I to part.
- 4 Resolve, my stubborn heart and cleave
To Jesus Christ alone :
Would I all other objects leave,
The work at once were done.

- 5 Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse to be
Devoted unto Him,
Who died upon the cross for thee,
And did thy soul redeem ?
- 6 Redeeming Lord, O be Thou mine,
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield,
Thy blood and death have made me Thine,
To Thee myself I yield.
- 7 Mould me as clay, and fashion me
A vessel to Thy praise,
Adorned with righteousness by Thee,
And sanctified through grace :—
- 8 So shall I walk the narrow way,
By Thee my day-star led :
And love divine, Thy heavenly ray,
Shall o'er my path be shed. Amen.

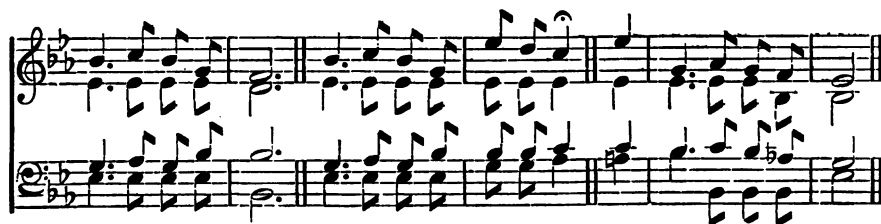
FLORIDA.

68

J. GRAPE.



CHORUS.



- 1 Beneath My shadow set,
Secure beside My throne,
Come, live with me, O soul,
Come, live with Me alone.

CHORUS.

Lord, Thy voice I hear,
Calling me to Thee ;
Take me, make me all Thine own,
Now and eternally.

- 2 Come, all My beauty see ;
Come, see Thy Saviour's face ;
Come, in My likeness grow,
Increased with My grace.

- 3 Come, soul, and I will tell
The greatness of My love,
How I have chosen thee
To reign with Me above.

- 4 Let not thy heart rebel,
Beguiled with snares of sense :
Faithless ! believe My word,
Trust My omnipotence.

- 5 Be dead with Me, O soul ;
Then dead are all thy fears,
And gone the darkling cloud,
Thy cares, and woes, and tears.

69

BROSELEY.

C. M.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 I LOVED the beauty of the earth,
The brightness of the skies,
Life woo'd me with its careless mirth.
My birthright and my prize.
- 2 I loved in smooth self-chosen ways
To guide my wandering feet,
I loved the voice of human praise,
The smile of man was sweet.
- 3 My life and treasure they were here,
My throbbing pulse beat high;
My step was free, my glance was clear,
With youth's gay buoyancy.
- 4 But youth is short, and life is frail,
And human praise untrue—
Created beauty but a veil
To hide Thee from my view.

- 5 'Twas not for these Thou madest me,
But for Thyself, O Lord!
Thou bad'st me rest alone in Thee,
My prize and my reward!
- 6 All earthly joys shall fail at last,
All earthly love grow cold,
Save love by that One Love made fast,
To Jesus and His fold.
- 7 One aim there is of endless worth,
One sole sufficient love,
To do Thy will, my God, on earth
And reign with Thee above.
- 8 From joys that failed my soul to fill,
From hopes that all beguiled,
To changeless rest in Thy dear will.
O Jesus, call Thy child! Amen.

70

CLEWER.

J. B. LITLER.





1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice.
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

O accept me, Lord, worthless though I be;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure,
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus Who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcome grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 All hail, atoning Blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord
Our strength and righteousness.

ROSHERVILLE.

71

J. B. LITLER.



1 I NEED Thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;

Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Amen.

MINTON.

72

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



1 Jesus keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me:

There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me,

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Make me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

73

ROKEBY. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.8.7.

J. B. LITLER.



ST. BERNARD. [SECOND TUNE.]

*FOUNDED ON A SWISS AIR.



1 IN Thine image, Lord, Thou mad'st me,
Gav'st me being out of love;
Though I fell yet Thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above.
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever Thine.

2 Love, by whom I was ordained
In Thy church to have a place,
E'en before I life obtained,
Or could know Thy saving grace.

3 Love, who has for me endured
Keenest pains of death and hell;
Love, whose sufferings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell.

4 Love, my life, and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal word

Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford.

5 Love, thy yoke I gladly carry,
It is easy, gentle, light;
Grant that I may ne'er be weary
Thee to serve with all my might.

6 Love, my advocate in heaven,
Pleading for me when oppress'd,
Bearing still my name engraven
Upon Thy high priestly breast.

7 Love, O raise me up to glory
In Thy likeness, from the dust,
And as conqueror place before Thee,
Crowned with bliss among the just.
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever Thine.

MERTHYR.

74

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 Love, that liftest up thy light
In the house of this our night,
Come from where the circles glow
All around my Saviour's brow ;
Hide me 'neath the angel wing
Of thy bright enveloping.
- 2 All around, beneath, above,
Lights and sounds in darkness move ;
If thy music be within

I will fear no earthly din ;
Through the dark I'll walk, and sing
Him who is my God and King.

- 3 While this azure hall I hold,
In dim mystery built of old,
I will live a weaned child,
Pass this ill world undefiled ;
Then out of the dark I'll move
Into boundless light and love. Amen.

75

HEIDELBERG.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

*MENDELSSOHN.





1 COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see !
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak then I am strong ;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

3 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace,
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

4 'Tis love ! 'tis love ! Thou diedst for me,
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal love Thou art ;
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

5 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend,
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

6 The Sun of Righteousness on me,
Hath rose with healing in His wings,
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

ROSTHERNE.

76



1 COME to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man ;
He left His throne above
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

2 Come and be cleansed, come and be
cleansed,
In the pool of Immanuel's blood ;
Where impotent you lie,
There an angel passes by ;
He is stirring the waters for good.

3 Pardon is offered, pardon is offered,
A pardon full, present, and free !
Thy mighty debt was paid
When on Calvary Jesus died
To atone for a rebel like thee.

4 Plunge in the fountain, plunge in the
fountain,
The fountain which cleanses the soul ;
'Tis cleansing far and near,
And its streams are flowing here ;
O wash, and thou shalt be made whole.

BRUNNEN.

77

*FOUNDED ON A GERMAN AIR.



CHORUS.



- 1 THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathising Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus,
O praise the lovely name of Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are "all forgiven,"
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

- 3 Come, brethren, sing with me His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus!
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

- 4 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

- 5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love.
His name, the name of Jesus.

78

ST. MONICA.

G.M.

J. B. LITTLER.





- 1 O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With healing in Thy wing !
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By Thy all piercing beam ;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by Thy all-quickenng power,
From low desires set free ;

Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.

- 4 Father, Thy long-lost son receive ;
Saviour, Thy purchase own ;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On Thee, all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to Thee !

79

WETWANG.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to Thee,
As Thou art so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To Thy cross us firmly bind ;
Gladly now we would be clean :
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 4 Sinners, who in Thee believe,
Everlasting life receive ;

They with joy behold Thy face,
Triumph in Thy pardoning grace.

- 5 Life deriving from Thy death,
They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 6 Blest are they who follow Thee,
While this light of life they see ;
Filled with Thy sacred love,
They Thy quickening power prove.
- 7 Praise on earth to Thee be given,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven ;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine. Amen.

80

BARMOUTH.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITLER.



1 HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to Thee are all my wants :
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach Thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to Thee, whose eyes are flame,
I Thy love and pity claim :
With an eye of love look down ;
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3 Break, O break this heart of stone ;
Form it for Thy use alone :
Bid each vanity depart ;
Build Thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my support in need,
That Thou didst so freely bleed :
All my joys and hopes arise
From Thy bleeding sacrifice.

5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I'm faint,
And supplies my every want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise Thy shepherd-care ;
Guard my weakness by Thy grace,
Fill my soul with heavenly peace. Amen.

81

WELLS.

6.6.6.6.

J. B. LITLER.



1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened fount.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing,
To lift me nearer heaven.

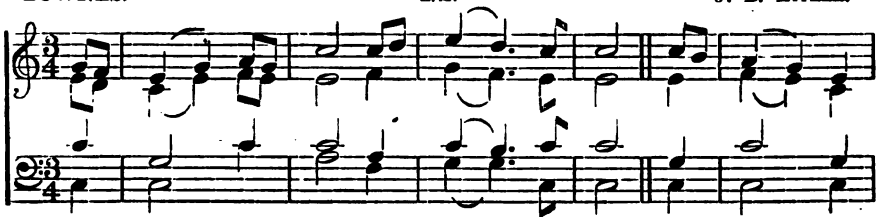
6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be,
Thine, ever Thine alone. Amen.

82

BOWNES.

L. M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn,—
To love my God I only live.

2 Be all my lengthen'd life employed,
Thine image in my soul to see;
Fill with Thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.

3 The blessing of Thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

4 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me Thy lasting home;
Be mindful of Thy gracious word—
Thou, with Thy promised Father, come.

5 Prepare, and then possess my heart;
O take me, seize me from above;
Thee may I love, for God Thou art;
Thee may I know; for God is love. A-

83

ELGIN.

C. M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 AH ! give me, Lord, the single eye
Which aims at nought but Thee ;
I fain would live—and yet, not I—
But Jesu, live in me !
- 2 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
But in Thy ark of peace ;
Thy cross, the balance of my mind ;
Thy wounds, my hiding place.
- 3 In vain the tempter spreads the snare,
If Thou my Keeper art ;

"Get thee behind me ! God is near—
My Saviour takes my part !"

- 4 On Thee my spirit I recline,
Who put my nature on ;
The light shall in my darkness shine,
And guide me to Thy throne.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

84

LINDAU. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.6.

BRETHOVEN.





CHADKIRK. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough !
 O man, with eyes majestic after death,
 Whose feet have toiled along our path-
 ways rough,
 Whose lips drawn human breath !

2 By that one likeness which is ours and
 Thine,
 By that one nature which doth hold us
 kin,
 By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou
 dost shine
 To draw us sinners in.

3 By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
 By Thy long foreknowledge of the
 deadly tree,

By the darkness, by the wormwood and
 the gall,
 O come, and visit me.

4 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast
 away,
 Die ere her welcome guest she entertain—
 Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly
 day,
 Should miss Thy heavenly reign !

5 And if Thou wilt, and if such bliss might
 be,
 If suffering might cure a life astray,
 Correct with judgment ; but O, visit me ;
 Show me Thy better way. Amen.

85

TENBY.

7.7.7.7.

*WELSH TUNE.



- 1 LIGHT of Life, celestial fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Jesu, Son of God, appear,
To Thy human temples come.
- 3 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in!

- Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing less;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.
- 5 Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Ever be Thy name ador'd,
On earth as by th' heavenly host.
Amen.

86

CRUMSTAL.

C.M.

J. B. LITTLER.



1 TEACH me yet more of Thy blest ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God ;
And fix and root me in the grace,
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain ;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For Thee, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss ;

And every name, and every thing,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply in my heart,
That Thou for me wast slain ;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return Thy love again.

5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like Thine ?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline. Amen.

87

ST. AGATHA.

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 JESUS, my Life ! Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to Thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with Thy rebel strive ;
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill, and make alive !

3 More of Thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies ;

Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway ;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode ;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God !

88

ST. EDREN.

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 O Jesu, at Thy feet we wait
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restor'd to our primeval state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

3 The counsel of Thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word!

4 According to our faith in Thee
Let it to us be done;
O that we all Thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

5 O, let Thy perfect grace be given,
Thy love diffused abroad?
O, let our hearts be all a heaven,
For ever fill'd with God!

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

89

RUGELEY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 O BLESSED Pattern, let my soul conceive,
And grave Thee on the tablet of my
thought;
Wipe out all other records, there to leave
Thee only on my inmost spirit wrought.

2 I see Thee on that great and dreadful
morn,
Bow'd with the weight of Thine own
charity,
While nigh o'erwhelmed with weakness,
pain, and scorn,
Thou sayest unto all men, "Follow Me."

3 O painful lesson, written in Thy blood,
To follow Thee! O lesson full of pain!

And yet not painful, if it is most good;
The pain shall pass away, the good
remain.

4 O let me here abide my short-lived days,
And hide me! from myself I fain would
flee;
To go hence to the world and seek its praise,
Is to shake hands with that which
murdered Thee.

5 O blessed Pattern, on Thee let me gaze;
In Thee my weary spirit finds repose;
Lord, save me from the world's polluted
ways,
Let me find healing in Thy pains and
woes. Amen.

90

ST. SILAS.

J. B. LITLER.



1 O THOU, who mad'st Thy crook
From the accursed tree,
Whereon Thy loving arms were stretched,
O Shepherd, wait for me.

2 The saints do dwell secure,
Thy glorious face they see;
And I am dying in the wilds,—
O Shepherd, wait for me.

3 They praise God evermore,
For they are saved and free;

Woe hems me in on every side,—
O Shepherd, wait for me.

4 I would make haste to flee
O'er rock and dell to Thee:
But oh! thorns tear and hold me back,—
Good Shepherd, wait for me.

5 And yet, I ask it not,
When I look up and see,
With feet nailed to the shameful cross,
Thou art waiting still for me. Amen.

PATELEY.

91

J. B. LITLER.



1 THERE is an everlasting home,
Where contrite souls may hide,
Where death and danger dare not come—
The Saviour's side.

2 It was a cleft of matchless love,
Opened when He had died;
When mercy hailed in worlds above
That wounded side.

3 Hail, Rock of Ages, pierced for me,
The grave of all my pride;
Hope, peace, and heaven are all in Thee,
Thy sheltering side.

4 There issued forth a double flood,
The sin-atoning tide,
In streams of water and of blood
From that dear side.

5 There is the only fount of bliss.
In joy and sorrow tried;
No refuge for the heart like this—
A Saviour's side.

6 Thither the Church, through all her days
Points as a faithful guide;
And celebrates with ceaseless praise
That spear-pierced side.

PRESTBURY.

92

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 My Father ! O that name is sweet,
To sinners mourning in retreat.
God's heart paternal yearns
When He a change discerns ;
He to His favour them restores :
He heals their most inveterate sores.
- 2 Thou Father art, though to my shame
I often forfeit that dear name ;
But since for sin I grieve,
Me Father-like receive ;
O melt me into filial tears,
To pay of love my vast arrears.

- 3 While God my Father I revere,
Nor all hell's powers, nor death I fear ;
I am my Father's care ;
His succours present are.
All comes from my loved Father's will,
And that sweet name intends no ill.
- 4 God's Son his soul, when life He closed,
In His dear Father's hands reposed ;
I'll, when my last I breathe,
My soul to God bequeath,
And panting for the joys on high,
Invoking love paternal, die.

93

AIX.

D. C. M.

HAYDN.



- 1 LORD, what am I, that Thou didst seek
With ceaseless care for me,
That Thou didst stand before my gate,
Waiting so patiently,—
There pass the wintry night unchecked
By my rebellious mood,
Nor chilled by the unkindly frost
Of my ingratitude ?
- 2 O, strange delusion ! Thy approach
I hasted not to greet,
And, though with gifts of grace Thou
cam'st,
Hailed not Thy welcome feet !

- How oft Thy Spirit's voice hath cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look,
And thou shalt see how He persists
For thee to wait and knock !"
- 3 And Thou art still there ! my gate
without—
No earthly sun so bright—
Thy glistening raiment stained with blood,
Thou knockest all the night !
O Jesus, melt this stubborn will,
And take away my sin ;
Then shall I haste to ope the door,
And Thou wilt enter in. Amen.

PENPLWYDD.

94

*WELSH TUNE.



- 1 I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,

CHORUS.

- O wand'ring souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.
- 2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off until the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.
- 3 At last I stopped to listen.
His voice could not deceive me;

- I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

- 4 He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

- 5 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

95

SANDON. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



IFFLEY. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost,
By all mankind and me :—

2 Thy favour and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine :—

4 Light in Thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love :—

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled :—

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Amen.

96

SPRAGUE.

L. M.

MOZART.



1 JESU, Thy love be all my thought ;
 All other things I count as nought ;
 Let Thy blest will in me be wrought,
 For Thou me hast right dearly bought.

2 O Jesu, well my heart may see
 That meek and humble he must be,
 And all bad ways and thoughts must flee,
 Who yearns to know the bliss of Thee.

3 For sinful folk, O Jesus dear,
 Thou lightest from the heavenly house ;
 Right poor and low Thou wert for us ;
 Thy heart's great love Thou sendest us.

4 Jesu, therefore, beseech I Thee,
 Thy sweet love now Thou grant to me ;
 That I thereto worthy may be,
 Make me worthy, that art so free.

Amen.

97

DERBY. [FIRST TUNE.]





MADORE. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

S. MARSH.



- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the gath'ring waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.

- Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive;
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live.
- 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
 - 5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make me, keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

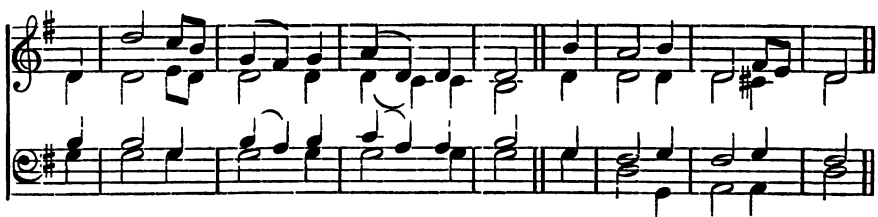
98

BRABINS.

J. B. LITTLE.



CHORUS.



- 1 I FEEL Thine arm beneath,
Thy thousand eyes
Over me, as a mother with hush'd breath
And lamp held o'er her child that feeble
lies ;

CHORUS.

- Oh ! for the love which Thou dost mete,
So far my thoughts above,
Let this glad heart responsive beat,
And tell out love for love.
- 2 Thou tak'st Thy helpless one
Into Thy side,
When danger nears, to feed Thy famished
son
With Thine own blood, and in Thy glory
hide :
- 3 Thou by the way didst find
Me, bleeding and torn,
Pouring in oil and wine, my wounds didst
bind,
And me with Thee on weary way hast
borne :

- 4 Through the waste howling wild,
To Elim's wells
And palmy shade Thou lead'st me, sin-
defiled,
To caves where Thy eternal sweetness
dwells :
- 5 I look abroad ; fresh hues
Are blending there,
So beautiful, they seem illumined dews
From Thy deep well, rays from Thy
palace fair :
- 6 The minutes onward flow,
Flowing for ever,
But number not Thy mercies as they go,
Nor do my sins me from Thy mercies
sever :
- 7 They who in presence dwell
Of those they love,
Care not for palace, hall, or murky cell ;
I in Thy nearer presence live and move.
Amen.

99

VENTNOR.

L. M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 JESU, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Mid'st flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.
- 4 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,

- Even then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.
- 5 Jesu, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 6 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove !
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 7 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness ! Amen.

100

COBURG.

C. M.

MOZART.



1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou Author of our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2 Hail, First and Last, Thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move ;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

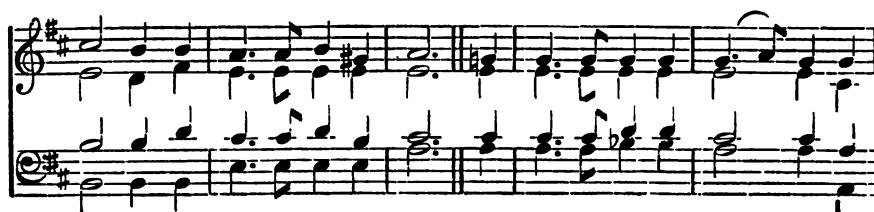
3 O let that faith which Thou hast taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast ;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace ;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold Thy face. Amen.

101

ODER.

*SCHUBERT.





1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,—
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,—
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

102

TITLEY.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITLER.



1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

AUDLEY.

103

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 No, not despairingly,
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly,
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.
- 2 Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, Infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.
- 3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.

Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

- 4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou,
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.
- 5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen.
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between. Amen.

104

ALETHEA.

C. M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 COME to the ark, come to the ark,
To Jesus come away :
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 COME to the ark : the waters rise,
The seas their billows roar ;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near.

3 COME to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin :
Without, deep calleth unto deep ;
But all is peace within.

4 COME to the ark ; O Saviour dear,
Lord of the raging sea,
The surging waves their heads uprear ;
Now hide us all in Thee. Amen.

STELLA.

105



1 LORD God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, oh, what shall we
Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee !
We have no offering to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.

2 O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin ;
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

3 Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade.
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

4 What I possess or what I crave
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would or what I have
Be not possessed and blessed in Thee.
What I enjoy, oh, make it mine
In making me, that have it, Thine. Amen.

106

CARASS. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

IRISH MELODY.



HASTINGS. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 O WONDROUS love ! it was for me,
Thou didst endure such pain and grief ;
For me, the direful agony,
That knew not limit or relief !

2 It was for me the mocking scorn,
While love perfumed Thy passing breath ;
The rude contumely meekly borne,
Thy soul desertion unto death !

3 It was for me, Thou Lord of light,
Thy path through darkness to the grave ;
For me, the triumph infinite,
When Thou didst rise, and live to save !

4 O love ! one half has not been told
Of all the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Let my true love the answer be,
To the great grace Thy love hast brought.
Amen,

107

POPLAR.

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



1 THE bark all wing to harbour hies;
The beast to woodland covert flies;
The dove to home by summer sea;
But where shall sinner flee?

The wayward child with shame and grief
oppress,—
His head where shall he hide, but in a
parent's breast?

2 "Ye heavy-laden, come to Me!"
Ne'er voice that set a captive free,—
Ne'er watery breeze on Arab sand,—
Ne'er sun on Arctic strand,—

Ne'er native strain to heart of exile stole,
So sweet as those blest words to heavy-
laden soul.

3 Dear words! still let me read you o'er,
And on each heavenly accent pore;
"Come unto Me" ye grief-oppress!
Dear words, on you I rest,
Henceforth I bow unto Thy chastening
rod,
And turn to Thy dread cross, my Saviour
and my God! Amen.

108

CARGILL.

L. M.

J. B. LITTLE.



1 As on the cliff her infant steals,
No sound a mother's heart reveals;
He on the verge that looks from high
Creeps in unconscious infancy.

2 Yet still no voice, no sound is heard;
She utters not one warning word,
But drawing near, and watching there,
She leans and lays her bosom bare.

3 So silently doth Jesus now,
Lest one stray sheep should suffer loss,
Shew us the bitter, painful cross,
The pierced side, the thorn-crowned brow.

3 O! may He grant us there to flee,
Fully to feel that love untold,
To fly unto that One true Fold,
And there for aye in safety be. Amen.

109

TUAM.

L. M.





1 AND dost Thou say, ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
To have Thy boundless love reveal'd,
Its height, and depth, its breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

Amen.

110

TARPORLEY.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITLER.



1 LIKE a long-forgotten child,
I have wandered on the wild;
Lost myself in vain desires,
Torn with thorns, and burned with fires,

2 Lonely with the self I hate,
By my will made desolate,
Sick of sin, out-wearied, cold—
I would rest within Thy fold.

3 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear.

4 Let me know my Shepherd's voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy spirit live:—

5 Live, till all Thy life I know
Perfect through my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

6 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven! Amen.

BERMUDA.

111

Shine, shine on me.

Shine, shine on me.

- 1 Star of Morning, brightly shining
On sin's dark and troubled sea;
Pointing out love's high designing,
Shine, shine on me.
- 2 Star of Faith, when winds are mocking
All my toil, I look to Thee;
Save me on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of Hope, gleam on the billow,
Bid my dark forebodings flee;
Soothe my restless, heaving pillow,
Far, far at sea.

- 4 Star of Glory, homesick, weary,
Wistfully I sigh for Thee;
Cheer the vision, dark and dreary,
Far, far at sea.
- 5 Star of Truth, O safely guide me,
To the haven of the free:
Strong temptations long have tried me,
Far, far at sea.
- 6 Star of Love, where Thou art dwelling,
There no syren song shall be;
There no moaning, there no swelling,
There, there is no sea.

112

RUNCORN.

L.M.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.

Slow.



1 "No condemnation!" Can it be
That we are thus from guilt set free?
Our sinful souls by Thee washed white
And we accepted in God's sight?

2 "No condemnation!" Dearest Lord,
Let me repose upon that word!
Let me be filled with this great thought,
That out of darkness I am brought!

3 "No condemnation!" Oh what bliss!
The world can give no joy like this;
For this is Thy most blest decree,
"No condemnation" if in Thee!

4 "No condemnation!" If in Thee!
How great Thy mercy and how free!
Lord, on this promise I depend,
Confirm me in it to the end.

5 "No condemnation!" Life is bright,
With this same solace for its light:
What matter if its path be rough?
"No condemnation!" 'tis enough!

6 "No condemnation!" Oh how sweet
When these same words my ears shall greet,
Proceeding from Thy judgment throne,
"No condemnation for My own!" Amen.

113

NORBURY.

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 O BLESSED Jesus, I am Thine,
To Thee my all I give!
O blessed Jesus, Thou art mine,
In Thee alone I live.

2 Thy gracious voice methinks I hear
Within my yearning breast;
Its gentle words calm every fear
And soothe my soul to rest.

3 Like fragrant odours is the grace
Thou breathest o'er my heart;
I catch but glimpses of Thy face,
Yet bid all else depart.

4 O let me pass from faith to sight,
And rise with Thee to dwell,
And there with all Thy ransomed ones
Thy praise for ever tell. Amen.

TREBIZOND.

114

*ARMENIAN AIR.



1 O Love, O Love ! O Jesus, dearest Lord,
How canst Thou love lost rebels such as
we ?
And bid us lovingly in Thy sweet word,
Poor weary ones !—O come to Me !

2 O Love, O Love ! O Jesus, gentlest, kind,
Longing to fold Thy children to Thy
breast,
Like dew Thy words fall on the tired mind,
O come to Me,—and be at rest.

3 Like sunlight falling on a storm-tossed sea,
Thy love, sweet Jesus, lights the waves
of time,
Thy words are sounding o'er earth's wreck-
strewn lea,
Like distant bells,—a silver chime.

4 Swift to the shore, life's waves are rolling
by,
Amid the foam, kind Jesu hold us fast ;
And then, most surely, shall our ravished
eye
Behold our home,—sweet home at last.
Amen.

NANTWICH.

115

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.





1 GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain;
But love alone shall then remain
When this short day is gone:

O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown;
Great Threes in One, the increase give;
These gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.

116

ALBANO.

L. M.

PALAVICINI.



MIC. ii. 13. "The Breaker is come up before them."

1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame.
Who bears the Breaker's wondrous name;
Sweet name, and it becomes Him well,
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death, and
hell.

2 A mighty Breaker surely, He,
Who broke my chains, and set me free;
A gracious Breaker to my soul;
He breaks, and oh! He makes me whole.

3 He breaks through every gloomy cloud,
Which can my soul with darkness shroud;
He breaks the bars of every snare,
Which hellish foes for me prepare.

4 Great Breaker! Oh! Thy love impart,
Daily, to break my stony heart;
Oh, break it, Lord, and enter in,
And break, oh break, the power of sin!
Amen.

117

CHERITON. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



OTLEY. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things, and things to come,
And grace, and glory too.</p> <p>2 If He is mine, then though He frown,
He never will forsake:
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.</p> <p>3 If He is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.</p> | <p>4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee,
He the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.</p> <p>5 If He is mine, unarmed I pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.</p> <p>6 Tell me, O Christ, that Thou art mine;
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

118

ST. CYRIL.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

SWEDISH MELODY.



- 1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell :
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.
- 4 For ever would I take my seat
 With Mary at the Master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen.

119

HARLAND.

L. M.

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 JESU, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
O wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;
Give me to know Thy love : then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

- 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 5 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow :
To Thee our hearts and hands we give :
Thine may we die : Thine may we live.

Amen.

120

KNUTSFORD.

C. M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend :
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same :
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near ;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee ;

I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

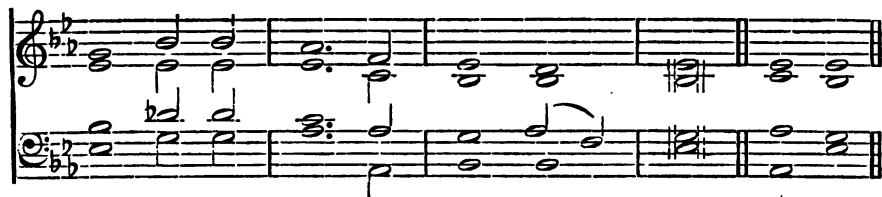
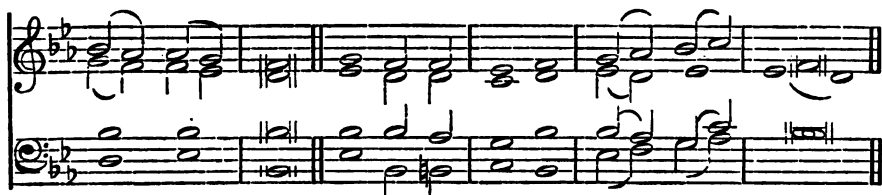
5 Oh ! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil !
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose words can never fail.

6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee !
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please Thee more. Amen.

HOLLY.

121



1 God of my life, whose gracious power,
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head :

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see ;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 I have no skill the snare to shun ;
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art ;

I ever into ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.

4 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

5 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room ;
Enter, and in me ever stay ;
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day. Amen.

122

PEMBRIDGE.

D.C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream,
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

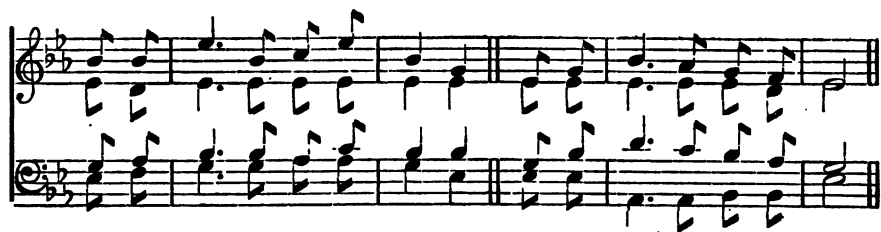
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light,
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done. Amen.

123

ALTENBURG.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

*GERMAN AIR.



CHORUS.



- 1 Come to Jesus, ye who wander
Far from hope, and peace, and rest :
Blinded with the storm of evil,
Like a fluttering bird distrest.

CHORUS.

- Come to Jesus ! Come to Jesus !
Hark the Spirit whispers, " Come !"
Come to Jesus ! Come to Jesus !
Hark the Spirit whispers, " Come !"

- 2 Come to Jesus ! He hath loved you
With a deep abounding love ;
And His heart of tend'rest pity
Needs no sacrifice to move.

- 3 Come ! oh come ! the Master waiteth :
" Come ! " the longing Bride doth say :
" Come ! " He tarries whilst we linger,
He hath borne our sins away. Amen.

RETFORD.

124

*DOLORES.



1 ONE there is above all others,
 Oh, how He loves ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us ;
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
 Oh, how He loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Think, oh think, how much we owe Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us,
 Oh, how He loves !

3 Blessed Jesus ! would you know Him ?
 Oh, how He loves !
 Give yourselves entirely to Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Think no longer of the morrow,
 From the past new courage borrow,
 Jesus carries all your sorrow,
 Oh, how He loves !

4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Backward shall your foes be driven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Best of blessings He'll provide you.
 Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
 Safe to glory He will guide you,
 Oh, how He loves !

BLAINA.

125

J. B. LITLER.





1 O, come and visit me ;
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From the deep earth Thy quickening
moisture drew.

2 O, come and visit me ;
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3 Come ! for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass
the rain :
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.

4 O, come and visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eyes delight so
well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to
dwell. Amen.

126

GODSTOW.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. B. LITLER.



1 SWEET is the breath of morn,
When flowers of various hues
The gay parterre adorn,
Their fragrance wide diffuse.
But sweeter Thou, beyond compare,
Than lily, rose, or violet are.

2 Bright are the gems of night ;
Brighter the full orb'd moon ;
Brightest the globe of light,
Cloudless, at summer's noon ;
But if Thou, Lord, my Sun arise,
All nature's glory fades and dies.

3 Not all the feathered choir,
Nor human voice divine,
Nor flute, nor dulcet lyre
Can utter sounds like Thine,
When from the dust I hear Thee say,
"Awake, my love, and come away."

4 To empty pleasures wed,
To sordid mammon's store
By pride and folly led,
I tread these paths no more.
Set up within my heart Thy throne ;
There reign for ever, Lord, alone.

Amen.

PLYMOUTH.

127



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, with all my power,
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;
 Thee will I love, till sacred fire
 Fills my whole soul with pure desire.</p> <p>2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have
 shined ;
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.</p> | <p>3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way :
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.</p> <p>4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

128

SNOWDON.

7.7.7.7.

*WELSH AIR.





1 JESU, king o'er all adored,
Jesu, our victorious Lord,
Sweetness Thou that speech transcends,
Hope of earth's remotest ends.

2 Coming to the faithful heart,
Light and love Thou dost impart,
Earth's deceitful pleasures fall,
Thou alone art all in all.

3 Unto Thee let us repair,
Seek Thy face with earnest prayer;
Earnest seek Thy love to know;
Seeking, still more earnest grow.

4 Jesu, let our lips proclaim,
And our lives confess Thy name;
Thou our joy and portion be,
Now and in eternity. Amen.

129

LLANTHONY.

*FOUNDED ON A WELSH AIR.



1 LET me come closer to Thee, Jesus;
Oh! closer day by day;
Let me lean harder on Thee, Jesus,
Yes, harder all the way.

2 Let me show forth Thy beauty, Jesus,
Like sunshine on the hills.
Oh! let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness
In joyous sparkling rills.

3 Yes, like a fountain precious, Jesus,
Make me and let me be;

Keep me and use me daily, Jesus,
For Thee, for only Thee.

4 In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
Be altogether King.
Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
To Thee in everything;

5 Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Jesus,
With blessed hunger here,
Longing for home on Zion's mountain,
No thirst, no hunger there. Amen.

130

ST. CLEARS.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

*HAYDN.



1 Not our own, but His we are,
 Who hath paid a price untold
 For our life, exceeding far
 All earth's store of gems and gold.
 With the precious blood of Christ,
 Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
 Full redemption is procured,
 Free salvation is secured.

2 Not our own ! to Him we owe
 All our life and all our love,
 Oh, that we His praise may shew,
 Who is the praise of heaven above.

Every day and every hour,
 Every gift and every power,
 Consecrate to Him alone,
 Who hath claimed us for His own.

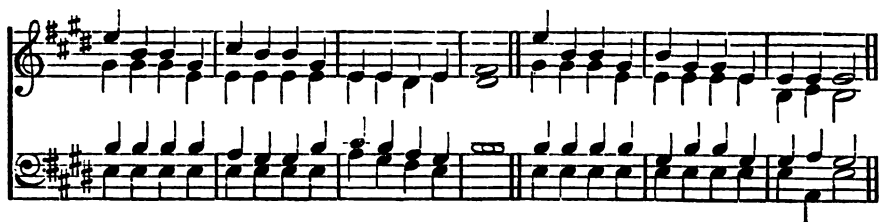
3 Teach us, Master, how to give
 All we have and are to Thee ;
 Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
 Wholly, only Thine to be.
 Henceforth be our calling high,
 Thee to serve and glorify ;
 Ours no longer but Thine own,
 Thine for ever, Thine alone. Amen

131

BEWDLEY.

J. B. LITTLER.





1 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for thee !
Precious, precious blood of Jesus
Ever flowing free !
Oh, believe it ! Oh, receive it,
'Tis for thee !

2 Precious, precious blood of Jesus ;
Let it make thee whole ;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

3 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood shall wash thee
White as snow.

4 Precious blood ! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

5 Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God !
Precious blood ! our song of glory,
Praise and laud.

132

TINTERN.

L.M.



1 'Tis dark, and stars like living eyes
Look from their houses with surprise,
While rippling of unnumbered waves
Bears us all onward to our graves.

2 One only point, one polar star,
One point of safety from afar ;—

Who to that haven would prevail,
Must use untired both oar and sail.

3 Light ! that on this dark sea appears
To save us from eternal loss,
Help us to steer our course in fear,
And daily cling unto Thy cross. Amen.

WEM.

133

J. B. LITLER.



1 STILL hanging on the tree, by day and night,
Thou dost silent abide ;
Still pleading, with upturn'd and pained eye,
Thy hands and wounded side.

2 And still in me remains this foolish pride,
At morn o'er me presides ;
Darkening the long and weary hours of day,
Unto the eventide.

3 Lord, o'er my spirit reign ! teach me each day
To bear my cross with Thee,
That the hours, as one by one they speed and fly,
May pure and chastened be.

4 When shadows fall, be Thou my pilot true
Through night's black cloudy sea :
Be Thou the silent chariot's charioteer ;
Oh ! guide me to the shore. Amen.

134

NUREMBURG.

L. M.

*MOZART.



- 1 My soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me Thy cheering face;
Jesu, enrich me with Thy grace.
- 2 Deeply convinc'd of sin, I cry,
In Thy death, Saviour, let me die:
O may the world, may self and pride
In me henceforth be crucified.
- 3 Take full possession of my heart,
To me Thy lowly mind impart:

Break nature's bonds, and let me see,
He whom Thou free'st, indeed is free.

- 4 My heart in Thee and in Thy ways
Delights, yet from Thy presence strays;
O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stay'd upon Thee, to Thee resign'd.

- 5 Still will I wait, O Lord, on Thee,
Till in Thy light the light I see;
Till Thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear. Amen.

135

ARNOLD.

C.M.



- 1 I ASK not honour, pomp, or praise,
By worldly men esteemed;
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.
- 2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to Thee,
And by my words and walk to show,
That Thou hast died for me,

- 3 O grant me, thro' Thy precious blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace;
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works Thee praise.

- 4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake, Amen.

136

SKIPTON.

C. M.

J. B. LITLER.



1 O SEE, how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

2 God gives Himself as Mary's babe
To sinner's trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

3 His sacred name a common word
On earth He loves to hear ;

There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

4 The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

5 O teach us, Thou who art so free,
To love Thee in return ;
As flowers to the sun, to Thee
Let our hearts freely turn. Amen.

137

GENOA.

ROSSINI.



1 **JESU**, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing ;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

4 By Thy red wounds streaming
With Thy life-blood gleaming
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing :

5 By that fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

6 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me ;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

POSEN.

138

MOZART.



1 I WILL fly to Thy dear arms ;
I shall find a refuge there,
When the foe my soul alarms,
And would tempt me to despair !
I will trust the changeless love
That hath pledged itself to save ;
Jesu, help me from above,
While life's beating storms I brave.

2 To Thy cross I lift mine eyes ;
There in Thy dear wounds I see
[Though my sins before me rise]
That Thy death is life to me !

On this Rock my soul shall rest ;
No keen dart shall reach me here ;
Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Thou wilt calm each rising fear.

3 Jesu, near Thy wounded side
I will walk from day to day ;
Ever with my soul abide,
While I tread life's thorny way,
When the evening shadows fall,
Fading into darksome night,
O, be Thou my All in All,
Thou my everlasting Light. Amen.

139

MUNCASTER. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITTLE.



PESARO. [SECOND TUNE.]

*ROSSINI.



1 Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away !
While I see Him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me !

2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt :
Ah ! my soul, He bore Thy load,
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark ! His dying word, "Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live :
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Weaken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross ;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee !

6 He has dearly bought my soul ;
Lord, accept and claim the whole !
To Thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own but Thine.

Amen.

140

MATLOCK. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



HAREWOOD. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 O Jesus, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is Thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

2 Thou Friend of sinners, love me still,
The poorest and the worst :
Where sin abounded, well I know,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

3 On me, my King, exert Thy power
Make old things pass away ;
Create all new, draw me to Thee
Still nearer every day.

4 Thou know'st which way to rectify
Each stubborn ill within,
How to subdue my every thought,
And conquer all that's sin.

5 Chastise me when I do amiss ;
O might no thought arise
Which is displeasing unto Thee :
Of grace send fresh supplies.

6 Impress Thy wounds upon my heart,
And all Thy bitter pain ;
Abide in me for evermore,
And constant victory gain. Amen.

AMESTREY.

141

Ev - en me, ev - en me,

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free :
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour ;
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favour ;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit ;
Thou canst make the blind to see ;

Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.
- 7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

LISMORE.

142

IRISH MELODY.

Slow. *p*

pp



1 Rise, oh my soul, with Thy desires to
heaven;
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given;
And let vain thoughts no more thy
thoughts abuse,
But down, aye down in darkness, let them
lie:
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts
die!

2 And thou, my soul, inspired with holy
flame,
View and review, with most regardful
eye,
That holy cross, whence thy salvation
came,

On which thy Saviour and thy sin did
die!
That painful cross, with endless blessing
rife!
That suffering Lord, whose death to thee
is life!

3 To Thee, O Jesus, I direct my eyes;
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble
knees,
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts
only sees—
To Thee myself—myself and all I give;
To Thee I die; to Thee I only live!
Amen.

143

ST. HILDA.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. LITLER.



1 EDEN, with its rivers old,
Love, and flowers, and living tree,
Is far more than story told:
'Tis a glowing prophecy.

2 In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.

3 When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful, and sound,

Then all earth is sanctified,
And our Paradise is found.

4 Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

5 Happy time! make speed, make speed!
End the sorrow and the gloom;
Jesus, slay a' sin in us;
Let Thy holy kingdom come. Amen.

MINDEN.

144

HAYDN.



- 1 **JESU**, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
 And let my soul on Thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.
- 2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro,
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below:
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For O, the waters still are high!

- 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
 Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
 Into the ark of love receive,
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast.
- 4 Fill with inviolable peace,
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
 In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From Thee no more may I depart;
 Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love! Amen.

ST. LUCIAN.

145

J. B. LITLER.





1 Jesu, by Thy last and dreadful cry,
Let not Thy dear blood on earth be spent;
At Thy feet I bruised and fainting lie,
And mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent.

2 Thou canst take the bitter from my woes;
Thou canst gild the tear-drops with Thy
smile,
Make the desert-garden bloom awhile,
From the rocky wild bring forth the rose.

3 Faith shall view Thee with a steadfast eye;
Hope shall drop her anchor, find her rest
In the calm sure haven of Thy breast;
Love shall sit with Mary at Thy side.

4 Wash me now, and dry these bitter tears;
Let my wayward heart no longer roam;
Thine it is by vows and hopes and fears
Long ago; O call Thy wanderer home!
Amen.

SPARTA.

146

*GREEK AIR.



1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.

6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

147

AMBERLEY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 TIME holds to me its silent glass
Wherein myself I view,
As there from sin to sin I pass,
An image sad and true.

2 But in another glass I scan,
Hiding His heavenly rays,

The image of the Son of Man,
And kindle as I gaze.

3 In deepest sense of my desert
O daily let me die,
If so I may but touch the skirt
Of Thy great charity. Amen.

148

BASLE.

7.7.7.7.

BRETHOVEN.



1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent pray'r !
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.

2 Thee let all our nature own,
One in Three, and Three in One !
Join our new-born spirits, join,
Each to each, and all to Thine !

3 Build us in one body up,
Call'd with one high calling's hope ;
One the Spirit, whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame ;

4 One the faith, and common Lord ;
Father, Holy Ghost, and Word,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible !

5 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet ;
Meet t' appear before Thy sight,
Partners with Thy saints in light.

6 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Ever be Thy name adored ;
With the heavenly host we raise
All our soul in hymns of praise. Amen.

149

ST. CYRES.

*FOUNDED ON A TYROLESE AIR.



1 O FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day ;
Sun of Righteousness arise !
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

2 Distant from Thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upward, to our native sky.

3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire ;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire ;

Make us feel Thy grace within ;
Thou canst break the power of sin.

4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies !
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are Thine.

5 Honour, glory, thanks, and praise
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

150

LINLEY.

D. C. M.

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 THE snow was drifting o'er the hills,
The wind was fierce and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed.
"O Shepherd, rest; nor further go—
The tempest hath begun!"
"I cannot stay, I must away
To find my wand'ring one!"
- 2 A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beamed with pity sweet;
And marks of wounds were on His hands,
And scars were on His feet.
Again I said, "O Shepherd, rest;
The tempest hath begun!"
He murmured, "Nay, I must away
To find my wand'ring one!"
- 3 "I saw Thy flock at peace, within
Thine own well-guarded fold;
O Shepherd, pause; for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!"

"No; one has wandered far away,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To find my wand'ring one!"

- 4 "But, since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If Thou hast 'ninety-and-nine' at home,
Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling one!
I cannot stay, I must away
To find my wand'ring one!"
- 5 E'en so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His own—
For all the ninety-and-nine;
But most He loves, and most He seeks,
The soul by sin undone:
And still He sighs, "I must away
To find my wand'ring one!"

CLYRO.

151

*OLD MELODY.



- 1 Show me Thy face !
 One transient gleam
 Of loveliness divine ;
 And shall I never think or dream
 Of other love save Thine !
 All lower light will darken quite ;
 All lower glories wane :
 The beautiful of earth will scarce
 Seem beautiful again.
- 2 Show me Thy face—
 My faith and love
 Shall henceforth fixed be ;
 And nothing here have power to move
 My soul's serenity :
 My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
 And all I fear and see,
 Illusive, visionary,—Thou
 The one reality !
- 3 Show me Thy face,
 I shall forget
 The weary days of yore ;
 The fretting ghosts of vain regret
 Shall haunt my soul no more :

All doubts and fears for future years
 In quiet rest subside,
 And nought but blest content and calm
 Within my breast reside.

- 4 Show me Thy face,
 The heaviest cross
 Will then seem light to bear ;
 There will be gain in every loss,
 And peace with every care.
 With such light feet the years will fleet,
 Life seem as brief as blest,
 Till I have laid my burden down,
 And entered into rest.
- 5 Show me Thy face—
 And I shall be
 In heart and mind renewed
 With wisdom, grace, and energy,
 To work Thy work endued,
 Shine clear, though pale behind the veil,
 Until the veil removed,
 In perfect glory I behold
 The face that I have loved ! Amen.

WURM.

152

*MENDELSSOHN.



1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,

Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

5 Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

153

HAWARDEN.

G.M.

J. B. LITLER.





1 O DEAREST Lord, take Thou my heart;
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee.

2 If there's a fervour in my soul,
And fervour sure there is,
It shall be quite at Thy control,
And but to serve Thee rise.

3 To seek in earthly things for bliss
Is vain; none can be found,
Till Jesus Christ our portion is;
In Him true joys abound.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be Thou my heart's delight,
Remain my favourite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

5 Hungry and thirsty after Thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and constantly
Supported by Thy power.

6 May Thy blest Spirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
True faith and constancy impart
To live unto Thy praise. Amen.

ST. VEEP.

154

J. B. LITLER.



1 O RICHEST gift of heaven to exiles poor,
Conveyed by angels through the heavenly
door!
Gladly I take the cross and follow Thee,
My Lord and God,—no more I wish to see.

2 If only step by step, a pilgrim blind,
I may but follow Thee, nor rove in vain
'Mid those enticing ways which endless
wind,
—If so I may at length the crown attain!

3 What seems my gain, close wreathing
round my soul
Take from me, though it rend my heart in
twain;

That He who bought may have my spirit
whole;—
Spurs that may pain but urge me to the
goal.

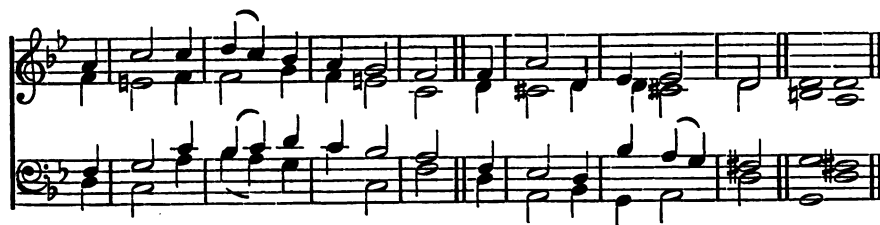
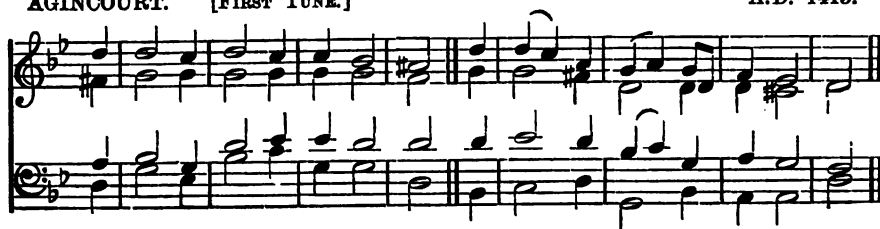
4 Like one who on a rock with outstretched
arms,
Hangs, struggling there his footing to
retain,
While each returning wave would him
back fling
To the angry main, so to the cross I cling.

5 Dear cross! Lord, let me never lay it down,
Till sin is past, and I have won the crown,
And Thou my head o'er billows rising hear
Supporting, safe shall laud me on life's
shore. Amen.

155

AGINCOURT. [FIRST TUNE.]

A.D. 1415.



RISBAD. [SECOND TUNE.]

*MOZART.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need, in Thee to find.
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

SONGS OF GRACE.

156

TUNBRIDGE.

[FIRST TUNE.]

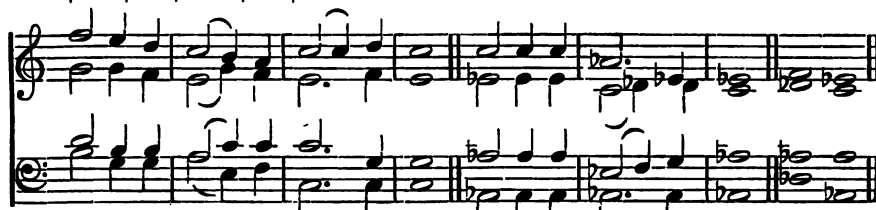
*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



WINSTER.

[SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 COME, mild and holy Dove,
Descend into our breast;
Do Thou in us, make us in Thee
For ever dwell and rest.
- 2 Come and spread o'er our heads
Thy soft all-cherishing wing,
That in its shade we safely sit
And to Thee praises sing;—
- 3 To Thee who giv'st us Life,
Our better Life of grace,
Who giv'st us breath and strength and
speed
To run and win our race.
- 4 If by the way we faint
Thou reachest forth Thy hand;
If our weakness makes us fail,
Thou mak'st our weakness stand.
- 5 When we are sliding back
Thou dost our dangers stop;

When we again, alas! are fallen,
Again Thou tak'st us up.

- 6 O our ungrateful souls!
What shall our dulness do
For Him that does all this for us,
Only our love to woo?
- 7 We love Thee, O dear Lord!
But Thou must give that love;
We'll humbly beg it of Thy grace,
But Thou our prayers must move.
- 8 Oh! hear Thine own self speak,
For Thou in us dost pray;
Thou canst as quickly grant as ask;
Thy grace knows no delay.
- 9 Glory to Thee, O Lord,
One co-eternal Three,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be. Amen.

157

TOVIL. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



CHATHAM. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 RIVER, sparkling river,
 Let me see Thy face;
 Four-fold stream of Eden,
 River full of grace!
 Oh! my thirsty spirit
 Longs and longs to drink
 Of Thy shining water,
 Flowing through the plain.

2 Passing sweet its music,
 As it dashes by,
 Clear and fresh as ever,
 In its melody.—

From the crystal city,
 From the throne on high,
 How it leaps to succour
 Sinners lest they die!

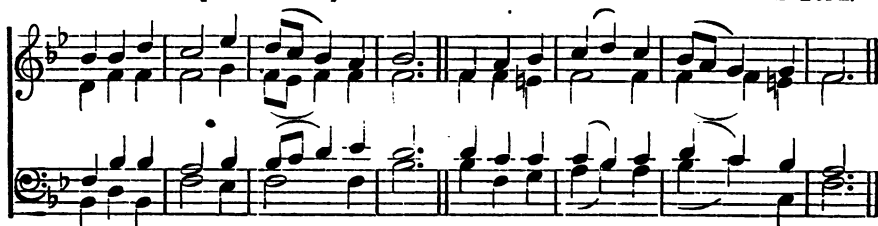
3 Flowing where the desert
 Looks most parched and bare,
 There its shining wavelets
 Sparkle everywhere!
 River, living river,
 My faint soul revive;
 Flow in all Thy fulness,
 Flow that I may live. Amen.

158

WERNDU. [FIRST TUNE.]

L. M.

*WELSH TUNE.



NORTON. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 ALL wondering on the desert ground
The hungry thousands gazed around,
While Jesus for their need displayed
The power that once the worlds had made.

2 Few were the words the Saviour spake :
He only bless'd the bread and brake ;
The scanty loaves, the fishes few,
At His commandment ceaseless grew.

3 No meagre store, O Lord, have we
Of grace and blessings shower'd from Thee ;

Yet in our barren hearts and dry
More scanty grows the rich supply,

4 On desert sands we seem to roam,
Weary, and faint, and far from home,
Though pastures green around us grow,
And Thy still waters near us flow.

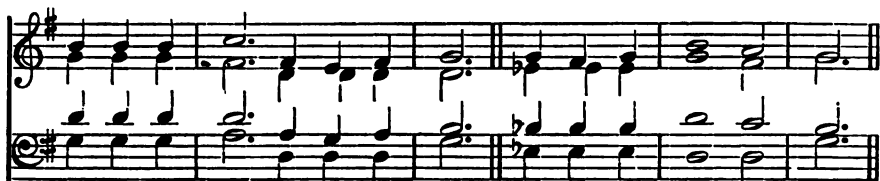
5 Oh ! with a living growth inspire,
Not Thy blest gifts, but our desire,
That we may taste Thy mercy's store,
And thirst and hunger never more !

Amen.

ALLHALLOWS.

159

ATTRIBUTED TO S. WEBB.



1 SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the light ! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire ! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew ! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;

May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove ! and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind ! with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace !
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit divine ! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come !

BYTHAM.

160

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.





1 SPIRIT of grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead !
Bright Star, whereby through worldly
strife
The patient pilgrim still is led !
Thou dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come !

2 Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free !
Live Thou in me, O Life divine ;
Until my deepest love be Thine ;

3 O Breath from far Eternity !
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land ;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert sand ;
And where Thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

4 Let me in will, and deed, and word,
Obey Thee as a little child,
And in Thy love abide, O Lord,
For ever pure and undefiled :
Teach me to work, and strive, and pray,
And keep me in Thy heavenward way.

STANTON.

161

J. B. LITTLER.



1 HOLY Ghost, the Infinite !
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine !
2 Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !
3 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine !

4 Gentle, loving, Holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There Thy presence be confess'd,
Comforter Divine !
5 In us "Abba, Father," cry—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine !
6 Search for us the depths of God ;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine !

162

ST. MARTIN.

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



1 Lo ! a fountain full and free,
 Overflowing ever ;
 Fainting heart, it is for thee
 Overflowing ever ;
 Gushing, sparkling, never still,
 Taste its sweetness, drink Thy fill.

CHORUS.

Overflowing, overflowing,
 Flowing now for thee.

2 List the murmur that it speaks,
 Overflowing ever ;
 On the soul in song it breaks.
 Overflowing ever ;
 Singing, soothing, souls to ease,
 Music of all melodies.—

3 Blessed fount ! the purest known,
 Overflowing ever ;
 Stream of life from out God's throne,
 Overflowing ever ;
 Sacred blood for sinners spilt,
 This can cleanse away thy guilt.

163

STOCKLEY. [FIRST TUNE.]

OLD MELODY.



ST. JOHN. [SECOND TUNE.]



- 1 O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.
- 2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.
- 3 Great love of God come in,
Well-spring of heavenly grace;

- Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up and never cease.
- 4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.
 - 5 Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One. Amen.

164

OPAL.

C. M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
From Thy bright heavenly throne;
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all Thy own.
- 2 Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above;
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.
- 3 Thou who art sev'nfold in Thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

- 4 Far from us drive our hellish foe,
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.
- 5 Through Thee, may we the Father know,
Through Thee th' Eternal Son,
And Thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice blessed Three in One.
- 6 All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son,
The like to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

165

JAMAICA.

D. C. M.

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.





- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all His gifts to me?
Sing, heaven and earth, rejoice and praise
His glorious majesty.
Bright Cherubims, sweet Seraphims,
Praise Him with all your might;
Praise, praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven,
Praise Him, ye saints in light.
- 2 Ye blessed Patriarchs, praise the Lord,
For His first-fruits are ye;
Blest Prophets, who dreamt here of God,
Praise Him whom now ye see.
Offer to God, ye glorious Priests,
Your sacrifice of praise;
Sweet Psalmists, now your hearts are fixt,
Your tuneful voices raise.
- 3 Ye twelve Apostles of the Lamb,
Who here proclaimed your King,
And filled this world with holy sounds,
Loud hallelujahs sing.—

Triumphant Martyrs ye did fight,
And fighting ye did fall,
And falling ye took up a crown:
Crown Him who crowned you all.

- 4 Praise, praise Him, all ye saved ones,
From whom salvation came;
Praise Him that sits upon the throne,
And praise the glorious Lamb.
Praise, praise Him, all ye saints below,
Praise Him, both east and west;
Praise Him, all ye baptized lands,
Praise whom you have profess'd.
- 5 O let me praise Thee, whilst I live,
And praise Thee when I die,
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.—
Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son;
Glory to God the Holy Ghost:
Glory to God alone. Amen.

WARGRAVE.

166

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.
- 2 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn;
- 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

- 4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most High"
- 5 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;
- 6 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord." Amen.

167

NANTYWS.

L. M.

*WELSH TUNE.



1 BLESS, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
How can the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

2 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

3 Our youth decay'd His power repairs
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our souls with good,
And filleth us with heavenly food.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let all mankind adore His grace ;
Let us with all our powers sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.

Amen.

168

WADHAM.

D. C. M.

T. FORD, 1620.





- 1 O, was I born first from beneath,
And then born from above !
Am I a child of man and God ?
O rich and endless love !
When I had broke the tables, Lord,
New tables Thou didst hew,
And with Thy finger didst engrave
Thy laws on them anew.
- 2 Earth is my mother, earth my nurse,
And earth must be my tomb ;
Yet God, the God of heaven and earth,
My Father is become.—

Hell entered me, and into hell
I quickly should have run ;
But, oh ! kind heaven laid hold on me,
Heaven is in me begun.

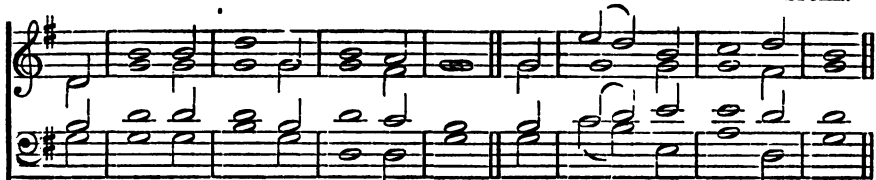
- 3 This spark will rise into a flame,
This seed into a tree ;
My songs shall rise, my praises shall
Loud hallelujahs be.—
Twice born, and twice endued with life,
I haste to come to Thee
To pay my vows, my thanks, my heart
With all humility. Amen.

169

KERNE.

C. M.

SPOHR.



- 1 O CHILD of God, dismiss thy fears ;
Hark ! 'tis thy Father's voice ;
Too oft thine eyes are filled with tears ;
"In Me, in Me rejoice."
- 2 Yea, Lord, this heart that trusts Thy word
Shall praise Thee every hour,
Shall make its songs of gladness heard,
If Thou but give the power.
- 3 The wide creation praiseth Thee,
Sun, moon, and stars are glad :
And shall all nature joyous be,
And I alone be sad ?

- 4 The love that for the sparrow cares,
That paints the lily's brow,
For me each daily burden bears,
And gives me joy as now.
- 5 The grace that hath the world redeemed
Hath taught my thoughts to rise,
Hath winged my soul that hopeless seemed,
For flight beyond the skies.
- 6 Let notes of gladness tune my tongue
Till earth's brief dream is o'er ;
Then will I soar to swell the song
Of gladness evermore. Amen.

PERU.

170

God is love, God is love,

God is love, God is love.

Detailed description: The musical score for song 170 is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'God is love' repeated throughout. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to sing, God is love.
Let heaven and earth their praises bring;
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us the sweetest song, God
is love.
- 2 Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound, God
is love.
In Christ we have redemption found; God
is love.
His blood has washed our sins away;
His Spirit turned our night to day!
And now we can rejoice to say, God is
love.
- 3 How happy is our portion here! God is
love.
His promises our spirits cheer, God is love.

- He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;
He will be with us all the way, God is love.
- 4 What though our heart and flesh should
fail, God is love.
Through Christ we shall o'er death prevail,
God is love.
Through Jordan's swell we will not fear,
Our Jesus will be with us there.
Our heads above the waves He'll bear, God
is love.
 - 5 In Canaan we'll sing again, God is love.
And this shall be our loudest strain, God
is love.
Whilst endless ages roll along,
We'll triumph with the heavenly throng,
And this shall be our sweetest song, God
is love.

171

EVESHAM.

L. M.

Detailed description: The musical score for song 171 is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is more complex than the previous song, with a more active piano accompaniment. The lyrics are not visible in this block.



- 1 THE glories of each new-born day
Appear to grow from more to more ;
Thy rich and unexhausted gifts
Speak of more precious things in store.
- 2 The breeze that with kind healing wings
Stirs and renews the jaded earth,
The beams which dart from many a star
Of flowers whose hues they bear afar.
- 3 The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light, and life, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

- 4 The clouds that roll in golden waves
In the canopy of sinking day ;
The feathery curtains of crimson mist
Light stretching o'er the sun's bright couch ;
- 5 All with one voice proclaim Thy love,
And greater things than these foreshew ;
Ponder, O man, and praise His name
Who hath called thee richer gifts to know.
- 6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

172

PLAUEN.

C.M.

HAYDN.



- 1 IN Thee I live, and move, and am,
Thou number'st all my days :
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.
- 2 From Thee I am, thro' Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be :
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.
- 3 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought ;
And nothing have I here deserv'd ;
Yet I have lacked nought.
- 4 Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,
A table free from strife :

Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

- 5 The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large ;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.
- 6 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread ;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 7 O let my house a temple be ;
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to Thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King. Amen.

173

OAKHAM.

L. M.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Yes, God is good : in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.</p> <p>2 The sun that keeps its trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.</p> <p>3 We hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.</p> | <p>4 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, God is good,</p> <p>5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.</p> <p>6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food :
The quickening chalice of Thy love,
This daily tells us, Thou art good.</p> |
|--|--|

Amen.

174

SILCHESTER.

S. M.



1 THE Lord our God is King ;
His rule, His name is love ;
Let earth with alleluias ring,
And heaven respond above !

2 His counsels He may keep
Hidden from mortal sight !
His ends may be a soundless deep ;
But all He wills is right.

3 Never shall wrong prevail,
Whate'er His foes may do :
His word is given, and shall not fail,
For all He saith is true.

4 Dread storms may mark His path ;
Darkness may o'er it brood ;
The round world shake as with His wrath ;
But all He doth is good.

5 O, good beyond our speech !
Beyond our utmost thought !
Past all that minds seraphic reach,
In God's own temple taught !

6 Then sing, the Lord is King ;
Sing, for His name is love :
Let earth with alleluias ring,
And heaven respond above. Amen.

175

CASTLETON.

D.C.M.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



1 How shall I sing that Majesty
Which angels do admire ?
Let dust in dust and silence lie ;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high ;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise ; but who am I ?

2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace :
A sound of God comes to my ears ;
But they behold Thy face.

They sing because Thou art their sun :
Lord, send a beam on me ;
For where heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.

3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart ;
Enflame it with love's fire ;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light ;
Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite. Amen.

176

FROME.

C.M.

J. B. LITTLE.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, our hope, when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace;
Sole comfort in our banishment;
O! what when face to face!</p> <p>2 Thee, Lord, I'll seek retir'd apart,
From world and business free:
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for Thee.</p> <p>3 Before the morning light I'll come,
With Magdalen, to find,
In sighs and tears, my Jesu's tomb,
And there refresh my mind.</p> | <p>4 My tears upon His grave shall flow,
My sighs the garden fill:
Then at His feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek His will.</p> <p>5 Jesus, in Thy blest steps I'll tread,
And walk in all Thy ways;
I'll never cease to weep and plead
To be preserved in grace.</p> <p>6 Jesu, our Love and Joy, to Thee
The Virgin's Holy Son,
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

TREDUNNOC.

177

*WELSH TUNE.



- 1 Not all the angels of the sky,
Nor happy saints above,
Have greater cause to praise than I
The Saviour's dying love.
- 2 Had I an angel's heavenly tongue
Or seraph's melody,
My theme should be His praise who hung
Upon the cross for me.
- 3 For thee He hangs, my soul, rejoice;
For thee, my soul, expires:

Then sing His love with thankful voice,
Sing what His love inspires.

- 4 Till fleeting time shall have an end,
And years shall cease to roll,
Due praise shall from His church ascend,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 5 But tears of joy must ever flow
For Jesus' wondrous love;
And when I leave this world below;
I'll sing His praise above. Amen.

SHADWELL.

178

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 THOU, who canst touch the many strings
Of music in the human soul,
Till harmony celestial rings,
In dulcet concert through the whole,
Breath o'er my spirit's trembling wires,
With Thine own passion-waking fires.
- 2 Let love, with sweet and silver sound,
And pity, breathe their gentlest strain,
And sacred sorrow, chord profound,
Mourn sin, and weep a Saviour slain;

And holy fear with trembling swell,
The dread of Thy displeasure tell.

- 3 May courage, like the trumpet's voice.
Speak boldly for Thy cause, my God,
And joy with liveliest notes rejoice,
And triumph spread Thy praise abroad,
And every passion, wak'd by Thee,
Melt into one rich harmony. Amen.

179

MARPLE. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



STRINES. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise ;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

2 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,

Joy through my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity. Amen.

180

SHRIGLEY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 THY bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount ;
From morning dawn, the setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.

2 The mercies all my moments bring,
Ask an eternity to sing ;
What thanks those mercies can suffice,
Which through eternity shall rise ?

3 Rich in ten thousand gifts possess,
In future hopes more richly blest,
I'll sing to Thee till death shall raise
A note of more proportion'd praise.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen

181

ROSS. [FIRST TUNE.]

G.M.

A.D. 1509.



FURSE. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 My God, had I my breath from Thee,
The power to speak and sing?
And shall my voice, and shall my song
Praise any but their King?

2 My God, had I my soul from Thee,
The power to judge and choose,
And shall my brain, and shall my will
Their best to Thee refuse?

3 For, oh! not this alone, nor that
Hast Thou bestowed on me,

But all I have, and shall I hope,
I have, and hope from Thee.

4 And more I have, and more I hope
Than I can speak or think,
Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
Then overflows the brink.

5 But though my voice and fancy be
Too low to reach Thy praise,
Yet both shall strain Thy glorious name
High as they can to raise Amen.

182

WELLESLEY. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



CANNES. [SECOND TUNE.]



- 1 My sins have reach'd up to the heavens,
But mercy's height exceeds;
God's mercy is above the heavens,
Above my sinful deeds.
- 2 My sins are many, like the stars,
Or sands upon the shore;
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.
- 3 My sins in bigness do arise
Like mountains great and tall;

But mercy, like a mighty sea,
Covers these mountains all.

- 4 This is a sea that's bottomless,
A sea without a shore;
For where sin hath abounded much,
Mercies abound much more.
- 5 Rage earth and hell, come life, come death,
Yet still my song shall be,
God was, and is, and will be good
And merciful to me. Amen.

ST. DOMINIC.

183

J. B. LITLER.



1 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven ; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal
Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms
in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be
this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your
King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought
back,
This is glad food and drink which none
shall lack,
An endless Alleluia :

8 While Thee, by whom were all things
made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

ROMILLY. [FIRST TUNE.]

184

J. B. LITLER.





ST. CLARE. [SECOND TUNE.]

*MOZART.



- 1 SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness ;
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain ;
Sing to Him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God of God, the Word Incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.
- 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave.
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save :
- 3 How He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of Life among the dead ;

How he wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

- 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done ;
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.
- 5 Day of promised restitution !
Fruit of all thy sorrows past !
Lord, come quickly ; give the kingdom
Into Thy great Father's hands ;
Come, O Triune God of all,
Be Thou all in all at last. Amen,

185

YARMOUTH. [FIRST TUNE.]

O. M.

A.D. 1509.



BOSBURY. [SECOND TUNE.]

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 I'LL praise Thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise, and might.
- 2 Thou art the eternal source of grace,
The source of lasting bliss ;
From Thee unto the human race
Flows all true happiness.
- 3 On Thee, Almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all :
Thou keepest watch around our coasts,
Protecting great and small.
- 4 Thy chastisements are nought but love :
When we our sins confess,

We Thy forgiveness richly prove ;
'Tis Thy delight to bless.

- 5 Thou count'st Thy children's sighs and tears,
When they before Thee mourn ;
No tear too mean to Thee appears
To put into Thy urn.
- 6 Thou, when we sink oppress'd with grief,
Dost us with pity view,
Administering Thy kind relief,
And lasting comfort too.
- 7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore Amen.

186

LEICESTER. [FIRST TUNE.]

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



ST. PANCRAS. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITTLER.



1 O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord,
 Forgive me if I say
 For very love Thy sacred name
 A thousand times a day.

2 Oh wonderful, that Thou shouldst let
 So vile a heart as mine
 Love Thee with such a love as this,
 And make so free with Thine.

3 For Thou to me art all in all,
 My honour and my wealth,

My heart's desire, my body's strength,
 My soul's eternal health.

4 What limit is there to Thee, love?
 Thy flight where wilt Thou stay?
 On, on, our Lord is sweeter far
 To-day than yesterday.

5 O Love of Jesus, blessed love,
 So will it ever be;
 Time cannot hold Thy wondrous growth,
 No, nor eternity.

187

SCYBORWEN.

*FOUNDED ON WELSH TUNE.



- 1 We bless the Lord, whose tender love
Caus'd Him to leave His throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal woe.
- 2 On fallen men he cast His eye,
In depths of misery saw them lie;
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come
And suffer freely in their room.
- 3 A mortal body He assum'd,
Groan'd, bled, and died, and was entomb'd:

- At length, the work thus finished,
He rose triumphant from the dead.
- 4 To heaven's bright realms He took His
flight,
Beyond the reach of mortal sight;
There pleads with God for ransom'd men,
Thence will in glory come again.
- 5 To Jesus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honours now be paid;
The glory of His saving name
Our tongues shall evermore proclaim.

Amen.

188

ARDWICK.

C.M.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebeller and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood ;
- 2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the Eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,

And wrapt His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

- 4 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine. Amen.

189

GOTTLIEB.

*HAYDN.



- 1 JESU !—the very thought is sweet !
In that dear name all heart-joys meet ;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this :
No name is heard more full of bliss :
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.
- 3 Jesu ! the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

- 4 I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close :
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.
- 5 With Mary, in the morning gloom,
I seek for Jesus at the tomb ;
For Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart, and not with eye.
- 6 Jesus, our blest reward above,
Be Thou on earth our joy and love,
In Thee alone our glory be
Both now and for eternity. Amen.

HADDON.

190

J. B. LITTLE.



1 Thy blood, Thy blood the deed hath wrought,

That won me for Thee, Saviour;
Else had I never on Thee thought,
Nor come to Thee for ever.

2 I feel how much in debt I am,
This makes me oft ashamed;
Yet as Thy purchase slaughter'd Lamb,
I am through mercy claimed.

3 O let me Thee behold in faith,
As Thou for me wast wounded;
And trust in Thy atoning death,
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

4 Thy mercy ne'er from me remove;
But under Thy direction
Let me experience, while I live
On earth, Thy kind protection.

5 May this each day be my employ,
The fruits of Thy blest passion
Still more completely to enjoy,
And taste Thy great salvation;

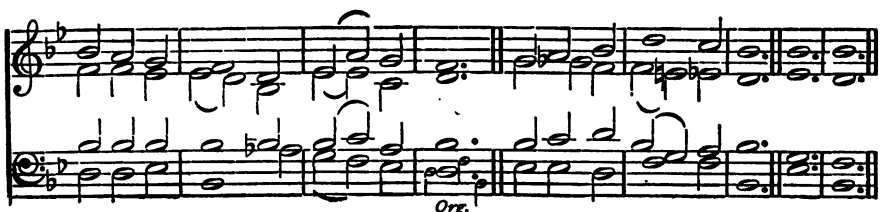
6 Till I shall once behold Thy face
In endless bliss and glory,
And for the wonders of Thy grace
With humble thanks adore Thee.

Amen.

SAWLEY.

191

WALCH.



1 BLESSED be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King !
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By Thee the victory is given ;
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and
heaven,
And all therein, are Thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost Thy right maintain,
And, high on Thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise Thy glorious name.

5 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through Thy Incarnate Son.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

192

WEIMAR.

C.M.

HAYDN.



1 O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same !
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
O what is man ! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee !

3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high ;

Didst quit Thy throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod ;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

WALMER.

193



1 **REDEEMED**, restored, forgiven
Through Jesu's precious blood,
Heirs of His home in heaven,
O praise our pardoning God !
Praise Him in tuneful measures
Who gave His Son to die ;
Praise Him whose sevenfold treasures
Enrich and sanctify !

2 Once on the dreary mountain
We wandered far and wide,
Far from the cleansing Fountain,
Far from the pierced side ;
But Jesus sought and found us
And washed our guilt away ;
With cords of love He bound us
To be His own for aye.

3 Dear Master, Thine the glory
Of each recovered soul ;
Ah ! who can tell the story
Of love that made us whole ?
Not ours, not ours the merit ;
Be Thine alone the praise,
And ours a thankful spirit
To serve Thee all our days.

4 Now keep us, Holy Saviour,
In Thy true love and fear ;
And grant us of Thy favour
The grace to persevere ;
Till, in Thy new creation,
Earth's time-long travail o'er,
We find our full salvation,
And praise Thee evermore. Amen.

194

EDROM.

C.M.

[ATTRIBUTED TO HENRY VIII.] A.D. 1516.





- 1 HAIL, to the ever-precious name :
 Keep it within thy breast ;
 Hence mayst thou aid and strength reclaim
 To set thy soul at rest.
- 2 When peace from thee far off is driven,
 Thy cross too sharp appears ;
 Remember, that sweet name was given
 In suffering and tears.
- 3 Oh, doth not Jesus love us much ?
 He burns with strong desire

The coldest, hardest heart to touch,
 Ere days of man expire.

- 4 Sweet name of Jesus : thoughts of love
 Beam o'er our mortal strife ;
 Thou art our watch-word from above,
 The solace of our life.
- 5 Let us but breathe thee to the last,
 'Till the dear voice shall call ;
 O death, thy bitterness is past—
 Thou hast no sting at all. Amen.

195

HYDE.

C.M.

J. B. LITTLER.



- 1 COULD creatures all their voices raise
 In one high song to Thee,
 It were not worthy of Thy praise,
 Thrice Holy Trinity.
- 2 The riches of Thy bounteous grace
 We happy mortals prove ;
 Made in Thine image is our race,
 And dowered with Thy Love.
- 3 Oh ! matchless love to meanest worth !
 Our Father gave His Son

To save from death the ruined earth,
 And lift us to His throne.

- 4 True Light of Light, and word of God,
 He deigned the Virgin's womb,
 To snatch our forfeit brotherhood
 From sin's eternal doom.
- 5 O praise the Father, praise the Son
 For helpless sinners given ;
 And praise the Spirit blest by whom
 Our souls are raised to heaven. Amen.

196

CLIFTON.

7.7.7.7.

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 Crowns of glory, ever bright,
Rest upon the Victor's head ;
Crowns of glory are His right,
His who liveth and was dead.
- 2 Jesus fought and won the day ;
Such a day was never fought ;
Well His people now may say,
See what God, our God has wrought !
- 3 He subdued the powers of hell,
In the fight He stood alone ;
All His foes before Him fell,
By His single arm o'erthrown.

- 4 They have fall'n to rise no more ;
Final is the foe's defeat ;
Jesus triumph'd by His power,
And His triumph is complete.
- 5 His the fight, the arduous toil ;
His the honours of the day ;
His the glory and the spoil ;
Jesus bears them all away.
- 6 Now proclaim His deeds afar,
Fill the world with His renown !
His alone the victor's car,
His the everlasting crown. Amen.

NEEDHAM.

197

J. B. LITLER.





1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name;
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Called us by His grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast wash'd us with Thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

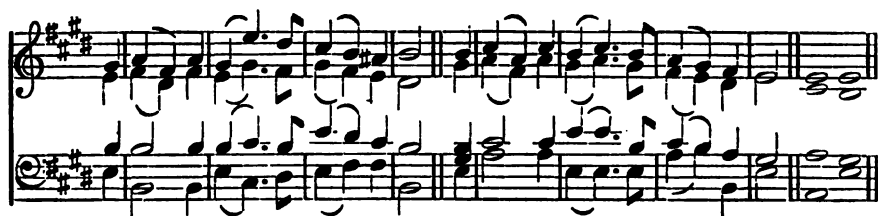
4 Hark! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above!
We poor sinners are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by Thee we come to God. Amen.

198

HOMBURG.

L. M.

*MOZART.



1 O LORD, within Thy sacred gate,
Where we so oft have sought for Thee,
Again our longing spirits wait,
The fulness of delight to see.

2 In blessing Thee with thankful songs,
Our happy lives shall glide away:
The praise that to Thy name belongs,
With lifted hands we'll daily pay.

3 Abundant sweetness, while we sing
Thy love, our favoured souls o'erflows;

Secure in Thee, our God, our King,
Of glory that no period knows.

4 More dear than life itself, Thy love
Our hearts and tongues shall still em-
ploy:

Thy love to sing, Thy grace to prove,
Be this our glory, peace, and joy.

5 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven and earth adore,
To Thee from men and heaven's bright host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

199

SUNBURY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 WHEN the dawn is nigh,
 When the morning shines,
 When the noon rides by,
 When the day declines,
 Thee we praise in holy hymn,
 Healer of the soul and limb,
 Heavenly Father, Thee we praise
 Everlastingly.

2 Thou great origin,
 Whence all do begin,
 Whence all do descend,
 Where all things do end,
 Father Thou of endless worlds,
 Flowing ceaseless through time's gate,
 Whence proceeds the breath divine,
 Kindling all to life ;

3 Thou dost fill the blue
 Caverns of this dome,
 Traverse every place,
 As in Thy secret home ;

Thou dost frame the things unseen ;
 Thou dost hold within Thy hand,
 Girt by duty's living band,
 Starry multitudes.

4 Thou to things above,
 And in air that move,
 And on earth that breathe,
 And that dwell beneath,
 Dost their destined lot ordain,
 And their daily sustenance
 And their ordered tasks bestow,
 And the life they know.

5 Lord, to Thee we fall,
 Lowly bend the knee ;
 Lift from this dark land
 Suppliant souls to Thee ;
 Let no cares this world may bring
 Weigh to earth our spirits' wing ;
 Thou, our Hope, our End, our All,
 Give us life in Thee. Amen.

200

ST. MABYN.

*FOUNDED ON MASINI.



- 1 HAIL, Jesus, hail ! who for my sake
Sweet blood from Mary's veins did take,
And shed it all for me ;
O, blessed be my Saviour's blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.
- 2 To endless ages let us praise
The precious blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.
- 3 O sweetest blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost ;

While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

- 4 O, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;
The ministers of wrath divine,
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.
- 5 Ah ! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints,
When this sweet song we raise.
O, louder then and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious blood to praise. Amen.

ST. JUDE.

201

J. B. LITLER.



1 JESUS ! name of sweetness ;
 Jesus ! sound of love ;
 Cheering exiles onward
 To their rest above.
 Jesus ! sweetest song-note,
 On the sinner's ear—
 Jesus ! breath of gladness
 While we wander here.

2 Jesus ! name of beauty,
 Beauty far too bright
 For our earth-bound fancy,
 For our mortal sight.
 Jesus ! sweet refreshment
 When our spirits faint,
 Flashing forth sweet visions,
 Love alone can paint.

3 Jesus ! oh, the deepness
 Of the soft love-sound !
 How it thrills and trembles
 Through Creation's bound.
 Jesus ! oh, my Saviour !
 Can I ever tell
 Half the love that saved me
 From the pains of hell ?

4 "Jesus only" shall be
 My glad watchword here ;
 "Jesus only" will be
 My own treasure there
 In the land all sun-lit,
 Whence the night-shades flee,
 Where His own dear sunbeams
 Light the crystal sea. Amen.

SONGS OF HOME.

VERULAM.

202

J. B. LITLER.



1 O vision bright ;
The land of light
Beams goldenly beyond the sky ;
There in the balm
Of endless calm,
Jesus our Saviour reigns on high.

2 O vision bright !
The eternal light
Of the white throne we may descry ;
Where, brighter far
Than sun or star,
Jesus our Saviour reigns on high.

3 O vision bright !
O dazzling light !
Irradiant spheres above the sky ;
Where, 'mid the throng
Of psalm and song,
Jesus our Saviour reigns on high.

4 O vision bright ;
Life's darkest night
Is fair as dawn when Thou art nigh ;
Love sees through the gloom
Of the holy tomb
The vision bright and grand on high.

KILMARNOC.

203

*GAELIC TUNE.



1 SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy throne !
So brilliant here those drops of light,
Where the full ocean rolls, how bright.

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell.

3 The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his golden vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord ! one beam of Thine ;
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine !

4 Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays ?
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze ?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

Amen.

204

CUMNOR.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 THE Land beyond the Sea !
When will life's task be o'er ?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam
and roar ?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea ?
- 2 The Land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems.
When flushed with evening's peaceful
gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait,
and dreams !
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea.
- 3 The Land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a thread-likemere ;
We seem half-way to Thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !
- 4 The Land beyond the Sea !
Oh, how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,

Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the
biers
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

- 5 The Land beyond the Sea !
When will our toil be done ?
Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !
Home-sick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !
- 6 The Land beyond the Sea !
Why fad'st thou in light ?
Why art thou better seen towards night ?
Dear Land ! look always plain, look always
bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !
- 7 The Land beyond the Sea !
Sweet is Thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess ;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

205

WARTER. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.





LONDESBOROUGH. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



1 ANGEL voices sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

2 Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

3 Sin for ever left behind us;
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us:
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

4 On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

5 What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

6 Lifted voices, silver pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing:
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

7 Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy;
Come the joyous and the holy:
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

8 Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder;
Stayed the tempest, sheathed the thunder;
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

9 Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth;
Song to song for ever calleth:
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

10 Christ himself, the living splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render:
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

11 Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their throne ascended;
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

12 Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King himself, hath crowned us:
Ah, 'tis Heaven at last!

206

GROSVENOR.



- 1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;

CHORUS.

Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;

- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;

- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

- 6 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I pray t'will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of Thy song.

207

DOVEDALE.

J. B. LITLER.





CHORUS.



- 1 WHAT to me are earth's pleasures, and
what its flowing tears,
What are all the sorrows I deplore?
There's a song ever swelling, still lingers
on my ears:
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis a song from the home of the holy,
Sorrow, sorrow is for ever o'er;
Happy now, ever happy on Canaan's
peaceful shore,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

- 2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with
the gay,
I covet not this world's gilded store;

There are voices now calling from the
bright realms of day,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

- 3 'Tis the loud pealing anthem, the victors'
holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er,
Which the saved ones for ever in joyous
notes prolong,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

- 4 Let us hear then our Saviour, whatever
be His word,
And His lightest whisper well obey;
That in peril and sorrow, we still may
hear our Lord
Bid our sorrows and perils flee away.

208

VERNON.

J. B. LITLER.

One by one, one by one.

One by one, one by one.

One by one, One by one.

1 THEY are gathering homewards from every land,

One by one;

As their weary feet touch the shining strand,

One by one.

Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,

And clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

2 But before they rest, they pass through the strife,

One by one;

Through the waters of death they enter life,

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;

While to others the waves run fierce and wild;

Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

3 O Jesus! Redeemer! we look to Thee,
One by one;

We lift our voices tremblingly,
One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spots where our feet may hold;

But Thou who didst pass through in deepest midnight,
Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light

One by one.

4 Oh ! plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
 One by one ;
 On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
 One by one.
 Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,

We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind ;
 Saviour and Redeemer ! with Thee in full view,
 Smilingly, gladly, shall we pass through,
 One by one.

KESWICK.

209

DOLORES.



CHORUS.



1 O WHAT were life without Thy love,
 Or what were heaven to me,
 If in that realm of vast delight
 I could not dwell with Thee ?

CHORUS.

'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven to be with Thee,
 Thy gracious smile to see ;
 Thy presence makes a heaven for me,
 'Tis heaven to be with Thee.

2 Thou art the sun whose genial beam
 Revives my drooping heart,

Thou art the heaven in which I live,
 'Tis heaven where'er Thou art.

3 Since first I found Thee at the cross,
 And felt Thy power divine,
 My peace has like a river flowed ;
 A constant joy is mine.

4 Accept, O Lord, my humble praise,
 'Tis all my heart can give ;
 O help me, by Thy sovereign grace,
 For Thee alone to live.

ST. AGNES.

210

J. B. LITLER.



1 For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed.
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.

Alleluia !

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light.

Alleluia !

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold,

Alleluia !

4 O blest Communion, fellowship-divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warriors long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,

Alleluia !

6 The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.

Alleluia !

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia ! Amen.

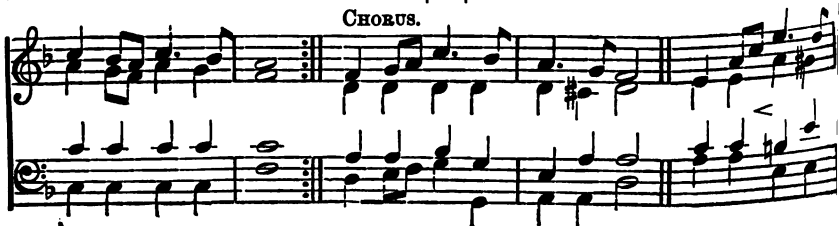
GIRGHENTIL

211

ITALIAN MELODY.



CHORUS.





1 In the fadeless spring-time, on the heavenly shore,
Kindred spirits wait us, who have gone before:
There no flowers wither, and no pleasures cloy,
In that land of beauty, in that land of joy.

2 In the misty gloaming, death awaits us all;
Silent is His coming, sure the Master's call;
And the angel footsteps mark the upward way,
Till the twilight merges into heavenly day.

3 Trusting in the Saviour, may we humbly wait
Till the holy angels ope the pearly gate,
And the loving Father, from His gracious throne,
Smiling bids us welcome to our heavenly home.

CHORUS.

By the gate they'll meet us, 'neath that golden sky,
Meet us at the portal—meet us by-and-by.

212

BUXTON.

J. B. LITLER.



O - ver there; o - ver there.



1 O THEY'VE reach'd the sunny shore
Over there;
They will never hunger more;
All their pain and grief is o'er
Over there.

2 O, they need no lamp at night
Over there;
For their day is always bright,
And their Saviour is their light
Over there.

3 O, the streets are shining gold
Over there;
And the glory is untold;
'Tis our Saviour's blessed fold
Over there.

4 O they feel no chilling blast
Over there;

For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last
Over there.

5 O, they've done the weary fight
Over there;
Jesus saved them by His might;
And they walk with Him in white
Over there.

6 O, they never shed a tear
Over there;
For their Lord is always near,
And with Him is endless cheer
Over there.

7 O, we'll join the happy band
Over there.
But we wait our Lord's command,
Till we see His beckoning hand
Over there.

AYR.

213

J. B. LITLER.



1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;

Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Cry Thy redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain
And everlasting love.

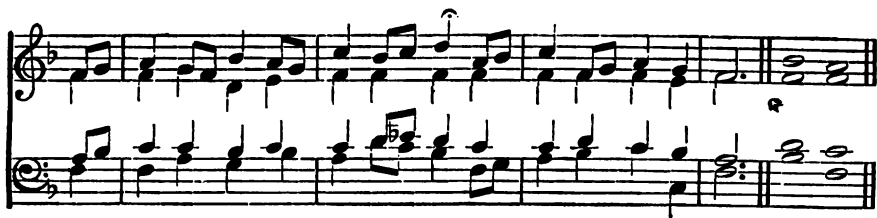
5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?

OLNEY.

214

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.





- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 When shall I come to Thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
 O happy harbour of the saints,
 O sweet and pleasant soil,
 In Thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil !
- 2 In Thee no sickness may be seen,
 No hurt, no ache, no sore ;
 There is no death, nor ugly dole,
 But life for evermore.
 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
 God grant I once may see
 Thine endless joys, and of the same
 Partaker aye to be !
- 3 Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear ;
 Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
 O God, that I were there !

Ah ! my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 Would God I were in Thee ?
 Would God my woes were an at end
 Thy joys that I might see !

- 4 Quite through the streets, with silver sand
 The flood of life doth flow,
 Upon whose banks, on every side,
 The wood of life doth grow.
 There David stands, with harp in hand,
 As master of the quire ;
 Ten thousand times that man were blest,
 That might His music hear !
- 5 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
 And cheerfully doth sing
 With blessed Saints, whose harmony
 In every street doth ring.
 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 Would God I were in Thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see.

215

ST. CECILIA.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 LIGHT after darkness, gain after loss ;
 Strength after weakness, crown after cross ;
 Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
 Home after wandering, praise after tears.
- 2 Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
 Sight after mystery, peace after pain ;

- Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
 Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.
- 3 Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
 Love after loneliness, life after tomb ;
 After long agony, rapture of bliss,
 Right was the pathway leading to this.

GRANTHAM.

216

*C. E. HORN.



- 1 Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
 Thou art coming, O my King,
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
 In Thy glory all-transcendent;
 Well may we rejoice and sing!
 Coming in the open east
 Herald brightness slowly swells;
 Coming! O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?
- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall shew Thee
 All our hearts can never say;
 What an anthem that will be
 Ringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all-glorious Feet.
- 3 Thou art coming; at Thy Table
 We are witnesses for this;
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss,

Shewing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming, and Thy Throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

- 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail,
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure;
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure.
- 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with one accord,
 Thee, my Master, and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned! Amen.

217

BIELBY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

218

TISSINGTON.

J. B. LITTLER.



CHORUS.



1 ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,
 Above the ills and cares of life,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
 My home is there, my home is there.

CHORUS.

Land of perpetual glad sunrise,
 Where sin and sorrow ne'er arise,
 And all are crowned with joy and light,
 My home is there, my home is there.

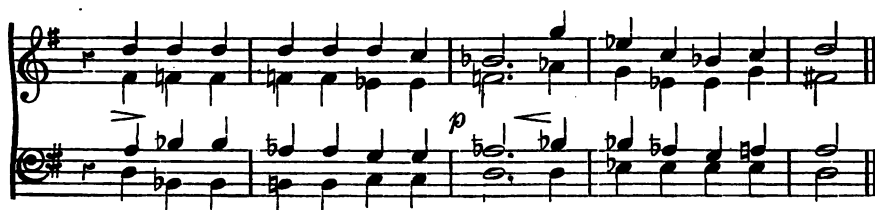
2 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from wordly loss and gain,
 Away from woe and tears and care,
 My home is there, my home is there.

3 Beyond the glittering pearly gates,
 Where music fills the balmy air,
 Where Jesus for His people waits,
 My home is there, my home is there.

219

IVAN.

J. B. LITLER.



1 BEYOND where dwells the evening star,
 In His golden house afar;
 Where upon the eternal noon
 Never looked the silver moon;
 Through innumerable skies
 Multitudinous voices rise,
 And in harmonious concord meet,
 Around the Saviour's feet,
 Beneath mysterious veils
 Descending from His seat.

2 There the armies of the skies
 Stand in snowy galaxies,
 Fair as dreams, in bright platoon,
 Brighter than the autumnal moon,
 Where many a wild avenue

Draws afar the eager view;
 And worlds, in darker distance sown,
 People the living zone,
 Like sparks that issue forth
 From Glory's burning throne.

3 There the loved and lost ones meet,
 Safe beneath the Saviour's feet;
 Faces dear! 'tis now ye smile,
 Ye whom I have missed awhile;
 Jesu, lead me to that light,
 When has ceased the dreary night;
 O, loud and glad shall be my strain,
 When in God's sovereign grace,
 I too shall join your lays,
 Beyond the reach of pain. Amen.

CRITH.

220

J. B. LITLER.



1 CITIZENS of new Jerusalem,
Ye who drink of joy at Christ's right hand,
Life for you is Paradise regained;
Oh! 'tis one long day of jubilee!

2 Peace unbroken is for ever yours;
Hate divides not; friendships never part;
Love that flows from Jesus' Presence blest
Binds in one sweet bondage every heart.

3 Patriarchs, ye are His first-fruits blest!
Prophets, whom ye dreamt of now ye see;
Twelve apostles, on your thrones above
Ye sit at the feet of Him ye love.

4 Martyrs who for truth and heaven's sake
Boldly dared the bitter cup to take,
Who in silence and in fearless faith
Bowed your souls to darkness and to death;

5 Humble souls whom proud earth never
knew,
Many now the first who were the last,
Walk the fields of glory, singing songs
Of high triumph amid angel throngs.

6 O, undreamt of bliss for evermore!
Lord let us be landed on that shore,
All round Thee in happy circles move,
All aglow with light and joy and love.

Amen.

TARVER.

221

*FOUNDED ON IRISH MELODY.





1 O BIRTHRIGHT of the new-born Christian soul !

Thou end and banishment of all our woes !
To wanderers tost on the tempestuous main
Beyond the storm a quiet, gracious shore ;

2 To hearts bereaved a place to mourn no more ;

To penitents the land where sin is o'er ;
To virgin souls a floor by angels trod ;
To saints a temple where they see their God.

3 No sullen evening shade, no setting sun,
No dreary fall of the autumnal leaf,

No age o'ertaking life but just begun,
No gloom is there, no parting grief.

4 Words that would speak it cannot syllable
How glad, how rich, how good beyond compare,
That sweetest place beside the living well,
That only place that knows no sad farewell.

5 O Father, lead my faltering steps aright,
Amid these pit-falls and the lonely gloom ;
Conduct me to that land so free and bright,
My birthright, and my everlasting home.
Amen.

ST. IVES.

222

J. B. LITLER.



1 O THAT day of life and light,
Day of untold glory bright,
When grim death itself shall die,
And the dismal night shall fly !

2 Lo ! the great, long-wished for King
Now salvation hastes to bring ;
Judge and witness, speeds He now,
At whose coming all must bow,

3 He will come and not delay,
And his glory will display,
To reward the suffering just,
Who in Him have put their trust.

4 O how happy, O how sweet !
When those souls shall Jesus meet,
Whom in life they truly loved,
And His faithful servants proved !

5 Then the renewed earth shall glow
Richly in the orient blaze !
Hill and dale, at touch of day,
Ring with sounds of endless praise !

6 To that bliss Thy children call,
O Thou righteous judge of all ;
Thee we seek, on Thee rely,
Thee implore with frequent cry. Amen.

HAZEL GROVE.

223

J. B. LITTLE.



1 O Sion glorious, city victorious,
 Tower of salvation !
 Thee I seek and desire ; to Thee I do aspire
 In contemplation.
 Good works I offer none ; I have no pardon
 won

By my own merit ;
 I can bring nought at all, bondsman of sin
 and thrall,
 Scarred in each feature.

2 Yet day and night I cry ; Father, Thy help
 is nigh

When we beseech it ;
 I see the prize above ; stretch forth Thy
 hand of love,
 Aid me to reach it.

From David's Fount of grace flows the pure
 stream of grace,
 Ever descending ;

Through it sin's leprosy soon fades and
 dies away,
 And has its ending.

3 O Grace of God, on high I see beyond the
 sky ;

The clouds are riven ;
 As through a glass I see dimly and mistily,
 The gates of heaven.

O Sion, bright with gold, dear home of
 joys untold,

In God's light burning ;
 Upwards I stretch my soul ; O might I
 reach the goal
 Of all my yearning !

4 O blessed Fatherland, I see the happy band ;
 The mists grow lighter ;

I see the light of day round their fair
 garlands play

Brighter and brighter.

O radiant golden clime !—come soon the
 happy time,

When I can share Thee !
 O happiest day of all, when to that glorious
 hall

Angels shall bear me.

ST. LUCY.

224

J. B. LITTLER.



1 OUR hearts are filled with joy to-day ;
 We've sighted the Golden Gate ;
 Its light is beaming o'er our way :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 Tossed on the sea we've sighed for home,
 O'er oceans wide for this we've come,
 The voyage now is almost done :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !

2 They've signalled us from off the land :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 Our friends are gath'ring on the strand :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 That we of entrance should not fail,
 We answered to the Pilot's hail,
 With Him on board we safely sail :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !

3 How light the trials that have come :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 Forgotten now in sight of home :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 The storms and clouds will soon be past,
 Then sheltered from the stormy blast,
 With sails all furled and anchor cast :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate ;

4 We lift our grateful hearts to thee ;
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 Once lost on life's tempestuous sea :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !
 Our Lord and Saviour, soon at home,
 The grace that saved we'll gladly own ;
 'Twas all of grace and that alone :
 We've sighted the Golden Gate !

225

ARDAGH.

*GALIC TUNE.



CHORUS.



1 Home at last, they're home at last,
Through the foaming waters passed,
Yearnings of the heart all stilled,
With the peace of God fulfilled.

CHORUS.

Home at last, they're home at last,
Home at last, they're home at last.

2 Home at last, in glory now,
Gathered with the angel band,

Standing with the jewelled brow,
And the golden harp in hand.

3 Home at last, our Father's home,
Sainted ones are meeting there ;
Hand in hand in love they roam,
Singing of the joy they share.

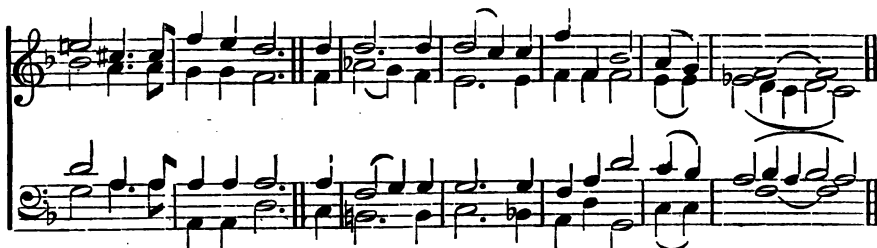
4 Home at last, how sweet the thought ;
Bliss unknown to gather there,
In his sinless image wrought,
His pure robe for aye to wear.

226

ST. WILFRID.

J. B. LITLER.





1 O GOLDEN Land !
Who shall lead us to thy shores ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly
loom,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the
strand.

2 O Golden Land !
Who shall lead us to thy shores ?

Sins of past years, uprising, bar the way,
Like sheeted spectres, or an armed band.

3 O Golden Land !
Who shall lead us to thy shores ?
Broken-hearted ! trust yon thorn-crowned
guide ;
He leads us past our fears with His pierced
hand.

ST. HILARY.

227

J. B. LITLER. A.D. 1853.



1 OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
God shall be All, and in all ever Blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and
Throne ?
What are the peace and the joy that they
own ?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare !

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of
the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can
bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,

While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of
praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is
o'er ;
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised
on high,
We for that country must yearn and must
sigh ;

Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through
Whom are all ;
Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom the
Son ;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them
ever One. Amen.

NAPLES.

228

NEAPOLITAN AIR.



1 Isle of the evening skies, cloud-visioned land,
Wherein the good meet in the heavenly fold,
And drink of endless joy at God's right hand ;

2 There kings and subjects meet, and young and old,
Pure virgins, matrons chaste, and martyrs bold,
Prophets, apostles, patriarchs, great and good ;

3 Many yet one, in union manifold,
All who victorious in life's conflict stood,
Walking the fields of light in garments white ;

4 And there too, He who shed for me His blood,
He, light and life of all, from whose dear face
Once marred and gory, joyous radiance streams.

5 Bright vision ! too soon faded from my sight,
Amid the gathering shadows and the pall
Which in this weary world spreads over all.

6 Thou Light of light, Let me in Thee find rest,
O lead a wandering exile to Thy breast,—
Or to some lowly place among Thy saints !
Amen.

BEESTON.

229

J. B. LITTLER.



- 1 IN this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting ;
- 2 But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
Uniting ;
- 3 In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere ;
Candour here and lustre there,
Delighting ;

- 4 There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all
Affrighting.
- 5 There, in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending.
- 6 Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized and you ;
And fresh joys as never too
Have ending.

LYONSHALL.

230

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 LEAVE, O my soul, this baser world below ;
O leave this doleful dungeon of woe ;
And soar aloft to that supernal rest
That maketh all the saints and angels blest:
Lo ! there the Godhead's radiant throne,
Like to ten thousand suns in one !
- 2 Lo ! there thy Saviour dear, in glory dight,
Adored of all the powers of heavens bright !
Lo ! where that Head that bled with
thorny wound
Shines ever with celestial honour crowned ;
That Hand that held the scornful reed
Makes all the fiends infernal dread.
- 3 That back and side that ran with bloody
streams
Daunt angel's eyes with their majestic
beams ;

Those feet once fastened to the cursed tree
Trample on death and hell in glorious
glee :—

Those lips once drenched with gall, do make
With their dread doom the world to quake.

- 4 Behold those joys thou never canst behold,
Those precious gates of pearl, those streets
of gold,
Those streams of life, those trees of paradise
That never can be seen by mortal eyes !
—And when thou seest this state divine ;
Think that it is or shall be thine !

- 5 See there the happy troops of pure spirits
That live above in endless true delights ;
And see where once thyself shalt ranged be,
And look and long for immortality.—
And now beforehand help to sing
Hallelujahs to heaven's King. Amen.

231

OLMUTZ.

*MOZART.



1 O Joy ! for there will come a time
When these dim eyes shall see aright
Sights that surpass earth's brightest scenes,
As heaven outshines the taper's light.

2 These eyes that, dazzled now and weak,
At glancing notes in sunshine wink,
Shall see the King's full glory break,
Nor from the blissful vision shrink :

3 In fearless love and hope uncloyed
For ever on that ocean bright

Empowered to gaze ; and undestroyed,
Deeper and deeper plunge in light.

4 Though scarcely now their laggard glance
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day
They shall behold, and not in trance,
The region very far away.

5 I pray Thee, clear my inward sight,
That weaned from earthly love my soul,
Still upward gazing, may descry
Nearer, each day, the brightening goal.
Amen.

232

BALLIDON.

J. B. LITTLER.





1 I HEARD the voice of harpers, harping
sweetly
On harps of gold ;
I saw a crystal river ; calmly, widely
Its waters rolled.

2 I caught the flash of turrets, wrapt in
splendour
Of sunless light,
Like to a star most lustrous, shedding glory
Out of the night.

3 I dreamed of lands Elysian, emerald
islands
In shining seas,
Soft perfumes wafted by sweet-whispering
breezes
From fadeless trees.

4 I saw the ranks of angels, silver-pinioned,
And golden crowned,
Swift radiant forms, that like a sunbeam
passing
Touched the bright ground.

5 I saw the righteous dead, God's heroes
saintly
Resting in calm,
Clad in white robes, out of great tribulation
Bearing the palm.

6 I pray Thee lead me thither, the day my
belt
Is laid aside ;
O grant to me a portion with thy blest
saints
Who there abide. Amen.

233

ST. MARGARET.

J. B. LITTLE.



1 I WILL sing of the glories of that happy
land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glitter-
ing strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul ! in my visions
and dreams
Its bright, jasper walls I can see ;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me !

3 That unchangeable home is for you and
for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4 O vouchsafe to us all in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in
our hands,
To meet one another again. Amen.

234

EDEN.

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



- 1 BEAUTIFUL valley of Eden !
Sweet is thy noontide calm ;
Over the hearts of the weary
Breathing thy waves of balm.

CHORUS.

Beautiful valley of Eden !
Home of the pure and blest !
How often amid the wild billows
I dream of thy peaceful rest.

- 2 Over the heart of the mourner
Shineth thy golden day,

Wafting the songs of the angels
Down from the far-away.

- 3 There is the home of my Saviour ;
There with the blood-washed throng
Over the highlands of glory,
Rolleth the great new song.

- 4 O flashing noontide so fair !
Gleam of the river of life !
Joys that the glorified share,
While they have rest from strife.

235

TARENTO.

*ITALIAN AIR.



1 Oh ! city of the angels !
 In dreams divinely sweet
 I pass thy open gate-ways,
 To walk thy golden streets ;
 I join the grand loud anthem
 Before the great white throne :
 And I am filled with rapture
 That earth has never known !

2 Oh ! mansions of my Father !
 I enter through thy doors
 Of amethyst and jasper,
 And tread thy golden floors ;

And those who went before me,
 And long since ceased to roam,
 Cry out with sudden rapture,
 " Oh, welcome, welcome home ! "

3 Oh ! rest beyond the river !
 Thou art not fully won ;
 I may not share thy rapture,
 Until my work is done,
 When death's white angel calls me,
 And I no longer roam ;
 Oh ! city of the angels !
 Lord, bring me to my home.

236

SPALDING.

G. P. GRANTHAM.



1 LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the song of gladness,
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness;
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened Heaven's bright portal;
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

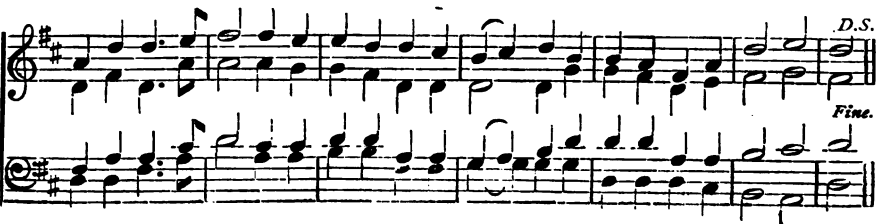
2 Never flinched they from the flame
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:

For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear and then,
O the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it!
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors! up and win it!

237

FURNESS.



- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest ;
Where the Saviour's gore before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

- 2 This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come ;

Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

- 3 In it all is life and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day :
Every trace of sin's sad story
Hath for ever passed away.

- 4 There the Lamb shall gently lead me,
By the streams of life along ;
In the richest pastures feed me,
Turn my sighing into song.

- 5 Soon I'll pass this desert dreary,
Soon I'll bid farewell to pain ;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again !

BUDA.

238

HUNGARIAN.



- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

- 2 The lark that soared so high at dawn
On weary wing lies low,
The flowers so fragrant all day long
Are dead or folded now.
Oh, for the songs that never cease
Where Saints to Angels call !
Oh, for the tree of life that stands
By the pure river's fall.

- 3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint ;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

- 4 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire ;
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy Life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy Grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

APPENDIX.

MORNING.

INSBRUCK.

239

J. F. THRUPP, 1848.



1 O COME to me when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light,
Shall break the tidings that I am with
Thee!

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in speechless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the
morn.

3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
I pray 'Thou mayest descry Thine image
only
In the waters of my calm and cleansed
breast.

4 So may it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's
shadows flee;

O, in that hour, and fairer than day's
dawning,
Let the thought cheer me that I am with
Thee. Amen.

240

ST. CRISPIN.

J. B. LITTLER.





- 1 Now the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun,
Crimson clouds, and silver white,
Wait upon His breaking light.
- 2 Saviour ! to Thy cottage home,
Once the daylight used to come ;
Thou hast often seen it break,
Brightly o'er that eastern lake.
- 3 Thou wast meek and undefiled,
Make me holy too, and mild ;

- Thou didst foil the tempter's power,
Help me in temptation's hour.
 - 4 Thou didst love Thy mother here,
Make me gentle, kind, and dear ;
Thou wast subject to her word,
Teach me to obey, O, Lord !
 - 5 With Thee, Lord, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes,
All the day be at Thy side,
Saviour, Pattern, King, and Guide.
- Amen.

EVENING.

241

ST. DENYS.

TYROLESE AIR.



- 1 STARRY hosts are gleaming,
Solemn night draws on,
Calm the moon's soft beaming,
Toilsome day is done.
- 2 Vesper bells are ringing,
Clear from tower and spire,
Voices sweetly singing
In the lustrous choir.
- 3 Prayer and praises blending,
Hearts in homage bowed,
Songs of saints ascending,
Like an incense cloud.
- 4 Rest and pardon needing,
Prostrate 'neath the rood,
Sinful souls are pleading
Wounds and cross and blood.

- 5 Hear our plaint, sweet Jesus,
Take away our sin ;
From our bonds release us,
Give us peace within.
- 6 Now we seek a city,
Where our feet may rest ;
Bring us, in Thy pity,
To those mansions blest.
- 7 Light in darkness send us,
Till our journey's o'er ;
Angel-guards attend us,
To the palace door.
- 8 Then a welcome meet us,—
Words of grace and love ;
Joyful voices greet us,
In the home above. Amen.

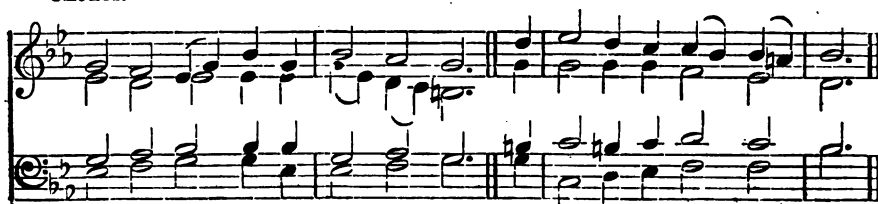
242

BOWDON.

*FOUNDED ON ELIZABETHAN AIR.



CHORUS.





- 1 EVENSONG is hushed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh ;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary—God most high !
Thou, Who in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.

CHORUS.

We are weary of life-long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin ;
But there is a City, with streets of
gold,
And all is Peace within.

- 2 How are we to reach that City,
Whose delights no tongue may tell ?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
Who sat weary by the well.

Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away ;
He will take us to the Sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.

- 3 When we enter that bright City,
What the vision we behold ?
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Streets of pure transparent gold.
Are the many mansions empty ?
Lone the terraces so fair ?
Jesus and His angels pace them,—
How He longs to see us there !
- 4 There the dear ones who have left us,
We shall some day meet again ;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death, or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh ;
Lighten Thou our darkness, Jesu,
Son of Mary—God Most High !

243

GOOSTREY.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

244

RADNOR.

J. B. LITTLE.

p Now the day's de - clin - ing wheel, Doth to night's dim ca - verns roll;

Thus hours, days, and sea - sons steal; Life is hur - ry - ing to the goal,

While Thou with *f* out-stretched arms, bleed - ing and bare, Art call - ing to a

world that will not hear, call - ing from high, still ev - er nigh;

Hid in Thy shel - tering arms, > O let me die, O

pp let me die, < from this world's van - i - ty, from this world's van - i

ty, from this world's van - i - ty; with Thee to rise,

f and trea - sure have on high, Sing - ing of Thee, th' E - ter - nal

Three, still sing - ing of Thee ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - men.

LLANTRISSENT.

245

WELSH TUNE.



1 O SHADOW in a sultry land !
 We gather to Thy breast,
 Whose love, enfolding us like night,
 Brings quietude and rest ;
 Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
 In foretaste here possessed.

2 From all our wanderings we come,
 From drifting to and fro,
 From tossing on life's restless deep
 Amid its ebb and flow ;
 The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know.

3 That which the garish day has lost
 The twilight vigil brings ;
 While softer the vesper bell
 Its silver cadence rings,—
 The sense of an immortal trust,
 The touch of angel wings.

4 Drop down behind the solemn hills,
 O day with golden skies !
 Serene, above its fading glow,
 Night, starry-crowned, arise !
 So beautiful may heaven be
 When life's last sunbeam dies. Amen.

246

MIDDLETON.

REV. W. T. STRATFORD.





1 The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;

Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

247

RUTHIN.

J. B. LITLER.



1 Lo ! the red and feverish day
Like a passion dies away ;
And the night, serene and still,
Falls fast on village, vale, and hill.

2 Thou, with bleeding hands and side,
Who hast suffered and hast died,

Leaving paths, for us to trace,
In blood, and pain, and strife, and tears ;

3 All my passions crucify,
Give me here with Thee to die,
And with Thee to rise, and share
Thy blood-bought throne eternally.

Amen.

248

SKIRID.

J. B. LITLER.



1 THE mellow eve is gliding,
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May dear ones, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So when in death benighted,
Let hope illumine the sky.

4 In golden splendour burning,
The morrow's dawn shall break;
Oh, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake. Amen.

249

POYNTON.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day :
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away ;
Change and decay, in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
me !

- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness ;
Where is death's sting ? where grave thy
victory ?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me !
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes :
Speak through the gloom, and point me to
the skies ;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen.

AMBERGATE.

250

J. B. LITLER.

- 1 DREAR is the night-fall,
Lonely we roam,
Wandering exiles,
Far from our home ;
Borne on the billows
Of life's stormy sea,
Light in the darkness,
Our hope is in Thee.

CHORUS.

Merciful Jesus,
Star of the sea,
Shine on the wanderers,
Shine Thou on me.

- 2 Winds of affliction
Raise their rude blast,
Ruffling the ocean
Whereon we are cast ;
Waves of temptation
Mountain-like roll,
'Neath their dark billows
Sinking the soul ;
- 3 When shall lone spirits
Sorrow no more ?
When shall our aching eyes
Gaze on the shore ?
Oh, for the twilight
To break through the gloom !
Oh, for the rest
Of our only true home ! Amen.

251

WINSTER.

J. B. LITLER.



1 Night falls apace ; the shades grow long
 Athwart the dewy lawn ;
 Blithe birds pipe out their evensong,
 Flowers close till welcome dawn.

2 Behind the hill-tops, sinking low,
 Passed the great sun away ;
 Now paler spreads fair saffron-glow
 Amid the deeping grey.

3 And Thou art ours—true strength and stay ;
 At morn our bread of life ;
 Until the closing of life's day,
 Our peace 'mid toil and strife.

4 Be with us, Jesus at the end,
 When death-shades round us close ;
 Light in our gloom in pity send,
 And grant a sweet repose. Amen.

252

NEWPORT.

J. B. LITLER.





1 I **SEE** the sun go down behind the wood,
His glories die away ;
My spirit yearns to float adown that flood
Of light to endless day.

2 For while I stand and gaze, the shadows
fall,
And all grows dull and cold ;
No longer plays the light upon the wall,
No longer on the wold.

3 The only light is in the western sky,
A streak of red and gold ;

All things beside within the shadows lie
Of evening's sable fold.

4 So, too, when our short day is almost done,
And dead the joys of earth,
The light of our dim path will be but One,
And He of heavenly birth.

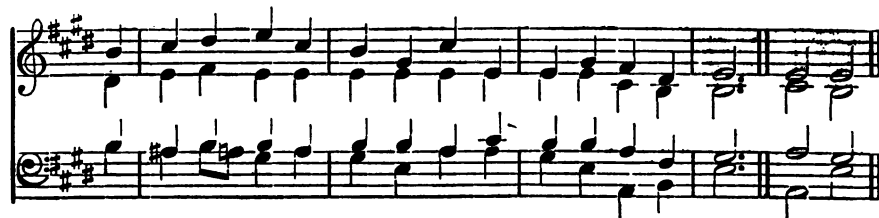
5 O loving Lord, in vain shall darkness fall
If only Thou be there ;
Be with us, Jesus, in that coming hour,
And shed Thy light afar. Amen.

SUNDAY.

253

LYME.

J. B. LITTLE.



1 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast ;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

2 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

3 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free,

Which makes us leave our earthly snare,
That we may come to Thee.

4 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace !
O joy ! to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face !

5 These are my preparation days,
And, when my soul is dressed,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest. Amen.

STANLEY.

254

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



CHORUS.





- 1 AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here ;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near ;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast,
And all the land lies quiet,
To keep the day of rest.

CHORUS.

Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His ransomed say ;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day !

- 2 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—

These all adore and praise Him
Whom we, too, praise and love.

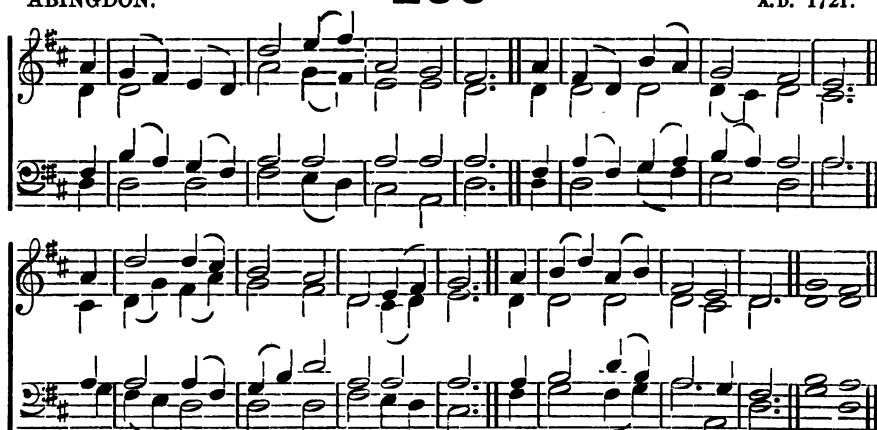
- 3 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day ;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray :
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same "pure offering,"
And sings the same sweet psalms.

- 4 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises !
O let us sing His name !
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim !
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord and King ;
Till every knee shall worship
And every tongue shall sing !

ABINGDON.

255

A.D. 1721.



- 1 BLESSED day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The lab'rrers' rest, the saints' delight,
A day of mirth and praise !

- 2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise ;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

- 3 The First-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind,
And they that do a Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

- 4 My Lord on thee His name did fix,
Which makes thee rich and gay ;

Amidst His golden candlesticks
My Saviour walks this day.

- 5 This day God doth His vessels broach,
His conduits run with wine ;
He that loves not this day's approach
Heaven will not on him shine.

- 6 This market-day doth saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all ;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.

- 7 This day must I 'fore God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;
O let me spend it in Thy fear,
Then shall the day be mine.

Amen.

g

MILAN.

256

*FOUNDED ON AN ITALIAN AIR.



- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On Thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On Thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On Thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on Thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand ;
From Thee like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

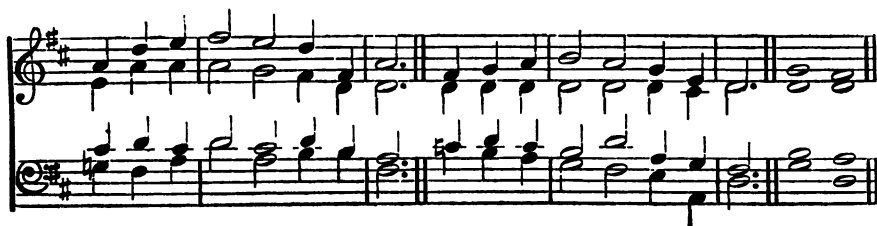
- 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet call ;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams ;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

- 5 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest,
And there our voice upraising,
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One. Amen.

257

WOODSTOCK. [FIRST TUNE.]

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



BRASSINGTON. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITTLER.



1 THOU spread'st a weekly table, Lord,
Where souls may banquet on Thy Word;
Whilst means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our souls be parched and dry.

2 We wait here at Bethesda's pool,
Those waters which refresh and cool;
We wait, whose souls are scorched with sin;
O come, dear Saviour, help us in.

3 Thy people at Thy footstool lie,
Behold us with a gracious eye;

O let our souls with Jesus meet,
Our fellowship with Him be sweet.

4 Among Thy people here am I,
Lord, let me not be passed by;
Let this poor soul with triumph say
I've seen my dearest Lord to-day.

5 I sit within Thy temple shade,
O let Thy presence make me glad;
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
Thy love alone can satisfy. Amen.

ADVENT.

258

PRESTWICH.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day,
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright returning way.
- 2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?
- 3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine,
When, oh, when shall I the gladness

Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

- 4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand,
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.
- 5 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home,
Come! my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come. Amen.

259

BROUGHTON.

[COMPOSED IN EARLY LIFE.]

J. B. LITLER.





1 DAY of vengeance ! loud resounding,
Hark ! the thrilling trumpets swell,
Peal on peal o'er earth rebounding,
Nature's universal knell,
Deeply echoing,
Bursts the bands of death and hell.

2 O'er the ruins of creation
See on high the Crucified,
'Mid the widening devastation,
On the wings of whirlwinds ride.
Man before Him
Bows the spirit of His pride.

3 Lo ! the dead in thronging numbers,
Awe-struck at His stern command,
Springing from their iron slumbers,

Round the dread tribunal stand,
View with trembling
Judgment in His red right hand.

4 O Emmanuel ! spirit broken,
At Thy pierced feet I lie ;
Lord, my hope lies in yon token,
In yon blood-stained cross on high,—
Glorious symbol,
Brightly beaming on my eye.

5 By Thy griefs on wild and mountain,
By Thy agonising groan,
By Thy life-spring's purple fountain,
By Thy dark sepuchral stone,
O Emmanuel,
Save me, prostrate at Thy throne.

Amen.

260

NEWRY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 THE loudest thunder hath no tongue
More dread than is this stillness long,
Which seems to wrap all nature round,
Awaiting the last trumpet's sound.

2 Such noiseless footfalls, stillness-shod,
Which now attend the ways of God ;
Sound deeper than the outward sense,
With a strange awful eloquence.

3 At thoughts of doom we shrink amazed,
Afraid to face an angry God ;—
Such lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt, a heavy load.

4 O turn our hearts to Thee, good Lord,
Turn us in this returning day ;
Now make us comely in Thy sight,
And take, O take our sins away. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

261

NANTYBANNW.

WELSH CAROL.



D.C.

1 SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars
of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was
born.

With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations,—
The dark night is ending, and dawn has
begun :
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
one.

2 Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of
love
Sing out the war-vulture, and sing in the
dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in
accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of
the Lord.—

Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations :
The dark night is ending and dawn has
begun :
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
one.

3 Blow, bugles of battle, the warders of
peace;
East, west, north and south, let the long
quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels
began,
Sing of glory to God, and of good-will to
man.

Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.—
The dark night is ending and dawn has
begun;
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
one.

262

RIEVAUX.

TRADITIONAL.



A - men.

1 AWAKE, glad heart! Get up, and sing!
It is the birthday of thy king!
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake
Light from His locks, and, all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

2 Awake! awake! Hark how the wood rings!
Winds whisper, and the busy springs
A concert make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

3 I would I were some bird or star,
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far.
Above this inn
And road of sin!

Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to Thee.

4 I would I had in my best part
Fit rooms for Thee! or that my heart
Were so clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth, and obscene;
Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make
clean.

5 Sweet Jesu! will then. Let no more
This leper haunt and soil thy door,
Cure him, ease him;
O release him!
And let once more, by mystic birth,
The Lord of life be born in earth. Amen.

263

ST. RONAN.

DERBYSHIRE CAROL.



1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see Thee lie!
 Above Thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in Thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in Thee to-night!

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the Angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 The morning stars together
 Proclaim the holy birth,
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming;
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The Lord Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin and enter in—
 Be born in us to-day;
 We hear the Christmas Angels
 The great glad tidings tell—
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

264

SYDNEY.

J. B. LITTLER.





1 On the wings of the wind fell a hymn from
the sky,
That hangs over Bethlehem's hill,
In the still hour of midnight the voices
draw nigh,
The Altars with harmony thrill;
They float o'er Jerusalem, holy abode;
Imperial City, the Temple of God.

2 All the sky of the South is ablaze with the
light,
Swells Heaven's high anthem Divine,
For Messiah is born in the arms of the
night,
And Angels are guarding His Shrine.
In Bethlehem's hut lies the Monarch of all,
And low lies His head 'mid the beasts of
the stall.

3 In the folds of the upland the hymn dies
away;

Night draws her dark veil o'er the sky;
In her majesty rising with orient ray
The Star of the East passes by—
She passes Jerusalem, joy of the earth,
Her vigil to keep o'er the Babe at His
Birth.

4 He is come, O Jerusalem, Vision of Peace,
The mystical off'rings are there;
But 'tis Thine in that hour when Thy
travail shall cease

To know the deep meaning they bear—
The Crown of the God-head Almighty to
save,
The death by which death hath defeated
the grave. Alleluia! Amen.

265

SHARON.

J. B. LITLER.



1 CHRISTIANS, listen, while we sing,
 (Dark before the dawning)
 Praises to our heavenly King,
 On this Christmas morning.
 Shepherds came to Bethlehem,
 (Dark before the dawning)
 As it was commanded them,
 On this Christmas morning.

2 In a manger of the stall,
 There they found the Lord of all;

There they found the mother mild,
 Gazing on her new-born Child.

3 Christian, art thou far from ill?
 He will make thee happier still:
 Is an hour of sorrow near?
 He will wipe away the tear.

4 Praise we then our Saviour King;
 As the angels once did sing:
 "Glory be to God on high,
 Peace on earth and charity."

266

LLANDOVERY.

WELSH CAROL.





1 God rest you, all good Christian men,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2 In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

3 From God our heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

4 Fear not, then, said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.

5 The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.

6 And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

267

PESTH.

HUNGARIAN.



1 DARK was the night which veiled the place
Wherein the sacred Infant lay;
The Babe looked up and showed His face:
In spite of darkness it was day.

2 Thou restest in Thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day;
Thine eyes break from the purple East,
And drive the trembling shades away.

3 O welcome to our wondering sight!
Eternity, shut in a span!
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man!

4 Jesus, Thou Light of Light, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

CAERLEON.

268

*WELSH CAROL.



1 THE first Nowell the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as
they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep;
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

2 They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

3 And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far;

To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

4 This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5 Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought.
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

269

HULME.

[COMPOSED IN EARLY LIFE.]

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.





- 1 A SONG of joy unto the Lord we sing,
And publish forth the favours He hath
shown;
We sing His praise, from whom all joy
doth spring,
And tell abroad the wonders He hath done.

CHORUS.

Our flesh He wore,
Our sin to wear away;
Our curse He bore,
That we escape it may,
That we might sing for aye, alleluia.

- 2 As at this time the Son of God was born;
The blessed Word was then incarnate made;

The Lord to be a servant held no scorn;
And flesh a throne above all angels had.

- 3 Our sin and sorrows on himself He took,
On us His bliss and goodness to bestow;
To visit earth, He heaven awhile forsook;
And to advance us high, descended low.

- 4 For sinful men all this to pass was brought,
As, long before, the Prophets had fore-
spoke;
So he, that first our shame and ruin
wrought,
Once bruised our heel, but now his head is
broke.

270

TRENTHAM.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



- 1 AWAY, dark thoughts, awake, my joy;
Awake, my glory, sing;
Sing songs to celebrate the birth
Of Jacob's God and King.
- 2 O happy night, that brought forth light,
Which makes the blind to see!
The Day-spring from on high came down
To cheer and visit Thee!
- 3 The wakeful shepherds near their flocks
Were watching for the morn;
But better news from heaven was brought;
Your Saviour Christ is born.

- 4 In Bethlem-town the Infant lies
Within a place obscure;
O little Bethlem, poor in walls,
But rich in Furniture!
- 5 The news is spread, the church is glad;
Simeon o'ercome with joy
Sings with the Infant in his arms,
"Now let Thy servant die."
- 6 When heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Shall we our Christ deny?
He's born for us, and we for Him:
Glory to God on high. Amen.

271

ST. AIDAN.

ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



CHORUS.



1 Rise, wondering Shepherds, rise,
Your sheep no more shall stray,—
Tune your harps to heavenly sound,
And hail this happy day.

CHORUS.

This is Jesus' Natal Day !
This, the chosen happy Morn !
Mortals, shout the sacred lay,
Hail the day when Christ was born.

2 Joy, joy, to all the world !
This Day no grief appears,
Christ, our blessed Lord, is come,
To dry up all our tears.

3 Glory to God above,
Praise Him with heart and voice ;
Now the Gentiles' Light is come,
Let all mankind rejoice !

BERNE.

272

SWISS CAROL.

Ev - er - more and ev - er - more, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more. A - men.

1 BORN of God the Father's bosom
Ere the worlds to light had come,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of while ages ran ;
Whom the faithful word of prophets
Promised since the world began ;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise Him every child of man,
Evermore and evermore.

3 Blessed was the day for ever,
When by God the Spirit's grace
From the womb of Virgin mother
Came the Saviour of our race,
When the Child, the world's Redeemer,
First display'd His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens ;
Praise Him, angels in the height ;
All dominions bow before Him,
And exalt His wondrous might ;
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men
Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering ;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

273

OUNBLE.

REV. JAMES SKINNER.



1 THOU art our God, we exalt Thee, we
praise Thee,
Faithful and true are Thy Counsels of
old :
Hymns of thanksgiving Thy people shall
raise Thee,
Hailing the mercy Thy prophets foretold.

2 Bright is Thy Coming, and tempests, long
hovering
Over our world, are dispersed by Thy
Grace ;
Thou shalt destroy all the face of the
covering,
Mantling the sinful, and hiding the base.

3 This is the joy that enkindles our praises,
This the glad song of Creation's New
Birth :

God shall wipe sorrows and tears from all
faces,
God shall give Paradise back to our
earth.

4 This is our God, lo, for Him we have
waited,
This is the Lord, and He cometh to save :
Joy for the world that His Mercy created,
Triumph o'er sin, and o'er death and
the grave.

5 Thou art our God, and we praise Thee, we
bless Thee,
Wonderful things our Redeemer hath
done ;
Great is Thy Power and Thy Love, we
confess Thee,
Father and Spirit, and Well-beloved
Son.

274

HAYTON. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



CHATSWORTH. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 How hath the Gentile Church found grace,
Our mother dear, this favoured day?
With gold and myrrh she sought Thy face,
Nor did'st Thou turn Thy face away.
- 2 Wandering in no self-chosen ways,
She watched Thee gleaming faint and far,
And followed with no faltering step
The sad world's bright and morning Star.
- 3 Look on us, Lord; while Thee we seek,
Hide not Thy mild forgiving eye;

- Quicken us in Thy holy way,
And clothe us with Thy purity.
- 4 O shine on us by day and night;
Jesu, be Thou our all in all,
No earthly joy shall then distract,
No earthly sorrow shall appal.
 - 5 All glory, Jesu, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

THE PASSION.

ASHBOURNE.

275

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 O HEAD, so gashed and wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down,
So scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown !
O Head, so pale and ghastly,
From whose most sacred brow
The flower of life is withered,
The blood-drops fall not now !
- 2 All this Thy sore oppression
And grief was for my gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain !

With tears I own my sinning ;
Good Shepherd, think of me,
And in this hour of sadness
O condescend to me.

- 3 Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe Thy grace to me ;
Thou loosedst Mary's sorrow,
And Peter did'st set free,
And to the thief in glory
Thou gav'st to dwell with Thee ;
O, by Thy bitter Passion,
Like mercy shew to me. Amen.

ADLINGTON.

276

J. B. LITLER.





1 GETHSEMANE! we love thee well,
Fair Eden's contrast, sad, yet dear:
There man a moment smiled, then fell;
Man groaned for man, and triumphed
here.

2 As thrice He kneels to groan His woe,
The sweat, like thick large blood-drops
ran:—
My Father, if this cup might go!
And yet, Thy will, not mine, be done!

3 O meek and lovely Lamb of God,
Hast Thou Thy heaven resigned for me?
For me, th' abyss of horrors trod?
Where shall I find return for Thee?

4 Oh, reign, enthroned o'er all my heart;
Subdue me by Thy mighty love;
And teach me to submit my will,
Who for me didst His will above.

Amen.

BEAUDESERT.

277

J. B. LITTLER.



1 DRAW out, sad heart, thy melody,
And tell with plaintive cry
The sorrows of the Crucified,
The wounds of Him that died,
Him, who a willing victim came
To die a spotless Lamb.

2 By that unpitied fury kill'd,
Our ransom He fulfill'd:
We drink health from His bitter cup,
His cross doth lift us up,
His stripes for us a balm have found,
'Tis He our wounds hath bound.

3 With feet and hands transfix'd in pain
He bursts our bonds in twain;
For us a healing fount He bore,
At every bleeding pore:
The nails that hold Thee on the tree
Bind us to that and Thee.

4 Grant, Saviour, that for us below
These fountains aye may flow,
The cup of healing here to prove,
The cup of bliss above;
Then we will ever sing Thy praise
Through heaven's eternal days. Amen

EASTER.

278

DISLEY.

J. B. LITLER.



1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung. Alleluia.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of joy and praise outburst. Alleluia.

3 On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;

O let us swell the joyful strain. Alleluia.

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell; Alleluia.

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free
That we may live and sing to Thee Alleluia. Amen.

CLARENDON.

279

J. B. LITLER.



1 On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain !

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;
Thence there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong ;
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song !

5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

6 Oh ! the beauty, oh ! the gladness
Of that Resurrection-day !
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away !

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last ;
To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

STUART.

280

A.D. 1626.



1 Joy, O joy, ye broken-hearted ;
Joy, the deathful sea is parted ;
Here and there the ramping wave
Frowns beside an empty grave :
With His blood the Lamb hath laved us,
With His passing Christ hath saved us,
Shouting on the Red Sea shore
Alleluia, evermore.

2 Loud above the billows' thunder,
Sound the chains He rives asunder ;
Saints below of ancient days
Glisten with His rising rays,—

Saints who died before they saw Him
Yearn to rise on earth before Him,
Yearn to take the form He wore,
Alleluia ! evermore.

3 All our marbled slumber breaking,
From our sinful dreams awaking,
From our worldly cerements free,
Jesu, make us rise with Thee :—
Thee, our death, hell's portals rending,
Thee, our life, to God ascending,
All our blessings to restore,
Alleluia ! evermore. Amen.

RYDAL.

281

J. B. LITLER.

i. The foe be - hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and

passed the sea; and Pha-raoh's war-riors strew the shore, and Is-rael's

f ran-somed tribes are free. *p* Hap-py mor-row, turn-ing sor-row in-to peace and mirth:

Bond-age end-ing, Love de-scend-ing o'er the earth; Seals as-sur-ing, guards se-cur-ing

watch His earth-ly prison; Seals are shat-tered, guards are scat-tered, Christ hath risen.

No long - er need the mourn - ers weep, nor call de - part - ed

Christ - ians dead; for death is hal - lowed in - to sleep, *f* and ev - ery

<grave> be - comes a bed. *p* Now once more E - den's door o - pen stands to

mor - tal eyes, for Christ hath risen, and man shall rise. Now at last, old things past,

hope and joy and peace be - gin; for Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not ex - ile, rest on high; it is not sad - ness,

This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are 'It is not ex - ile, rest on high; it is not sad - ness,'. The music features a treble and bass staff with various note values and rests.

peace from strife; *p* to fall a - sleep is not to die; *pp* to dwell with

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the musical score. The lyrics are 'peace from strife; to fall a - sleep is not to die; to dwell with'. The music includes dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).

Christ is bet - ter life. *f* Where our ban - ner leads us,

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the musical score. The lyrics are 'Christ is bet - ter life. Where our ban - ner leads us,'. The music includes a dynamic marking *f* (forte) and a key signature change to G minor (two flats).

we may safe - ly go; where our Chief pre - cedes us, we may face the foe.

This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of the musical score. The lyrics are 'we may safe - ly go; where our Chief pre - cedes us, we may face the foe.'.

His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be;

This system contains the ninth and tenth lines of the musical score. The lyrics are 'His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be;'. The music concludes with a final cadence in G minor.

Christ hath gone be - fore us; Christ-ians fol - low ye. A - men,

PLASNEWYDD.

282

*WELSH CAROL.

CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

1 Jesus is risen ! to bleed and die no more !
 O now let sweetest notes of praise arise ;
 Death's night for Him is over ;
 Waft His triumph to the skies.
 He is risen to die no more,
 He of life and joy the door.
 Alleluia.

2 Jesus is risen ! within the darksome tomb
 Two days and nights His lifeless body lay ;
 On that third morn He burst its gloom
 With the first morning ray.

4 Jesus is risen ! rise, weary, weary heart ;
 O cast aside the grovelling cares of earth ;
 He life and light will now impart,
 And give immortal youth.

4 Jesus is risen ! O may we with Thee rise,
 Rise, rise above the thoughts that harass
 here,
 Rise, rise with Thee above the skies,
 Beyond the starry sphere.

SUDBURY.

283

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 O joy, to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er Thy shroud,
Brooding her loss so sad and sore,
Thy face amid the glade she saw !
- 2 What wins their first and fondest gaze
In all the blissful, heavenly field,
And keeps it through eternal days?
What but Love, face to face revealed?—
- 3 Love imaged in the cordial look
Thou dost, Lord Christ, in Eden bend

On every soul that sin forsook,
When time was given, to die Thy friend.

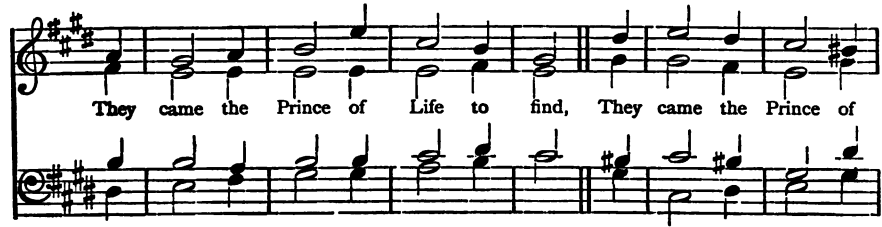
- 4 O teach us now each day to die;
The risen children of the light,
We shall behold Thy face with joy;
We shall be ravished at the sight.
- 5 All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To Thee who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise. Amen.

ALDERLEY.

284

J. B. LITLER.





- 1 THERE stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early;
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 2 But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why" He said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living!"
Alleluia, Alleluia!
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia, Alleluia!

- 3 But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary;
Alleluia, Alleluia!
The first the blessed form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree;
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 4 The world itself keeps Easter day,
The heaven above is beaming;
All in high festival array
The merry bells are gleaming.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell:
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia, Alleluia!

ARDEN.

285

J. B. LITLER.



1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
 Death, resign thy mighty prey ;
 See the Saviour quit the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

Hallelujah !

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see Him rise ;
 Troops of angels on the road
 Hail and sing the incarnate God.

Hallelujah !

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
 Gracious Hero, through them ride ;

King of glory, mount Thy throne,
 Boundless empire is Thine own.

Hallelujah !

4 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres,
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong !

Hallelujah !

5 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell,
 Where is hell's once dreaded king !
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

WYE.

286

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 **HOPES** of hopes, and joy of joys!
Golden dawn of endless day!
Can we cling to earth's vain toys,
While we wait Thy dawning ray?
- 2 O the waking of the dead!
Who can sing the awful bliss?
Who can paint the splendour dread?
Who can dream a dream like this?
- 3 Lo! the angel's trumpet rings,
Thrilling through the trembling earth;
All the saints that sleep it brings
To their new and glorious birth.

- 4 Crowns of light on every brow,
Songs of bliss on every tongue,
Beauty none hath dreamt of now,
Glory voice hath never sung.
- 5 Loved ones gaze with raptured eye
On the forms that round them spring;
Changed and glorified they fly
Through the clouds to meet their King.
- 6 Jesus, lift our souls on high,
As we watch for morning's ray;
That with Thee above the sky
We may rise to deathless day. Amen.

HARVEST.

287

PADUA.

*ITALIAN MELODY.



- 1 RING the joy-bells far and near,
Harvest-home again is here;
Shout aloud in joyful songs,
Shout, a hundred thousand tongues!
O'er the uplands, o'er the leas,
Wafted by the odorous breeze,
Let the festal anthem come,
Swell the joy of harvest-home.
- 2 Sweetly has the season smiled,
God has bless'd while man has toil'd;
Cloud and sunshine, dew and rain,
O'er the mountain, o'er the plain;
First the blade, and then the ear,
God has crown'd another year;
Peace and plenty smiling roam
Hand in hand at harvest-home.

- 3 Waving corn fields, sun embrown'd,
Lately glow'd the country round;
Then the harvest work begun,
Sickles glittered in the sun.
Blushing mornings, glowing eves,
Laden wains, and rustling sheaves;
Now beneath the old barn dome
Peals the song of harvest-home.
- 4 Ring the joy-bells far and near,
Harvest crowns the waning year,
God, the giver of all good,
Sends us sunshine, sends us food.
Join we then in grateful songs,
Mingle with thanksgiving throngs;
Come, into God's temple, come,
Shout your songs of harvest-home

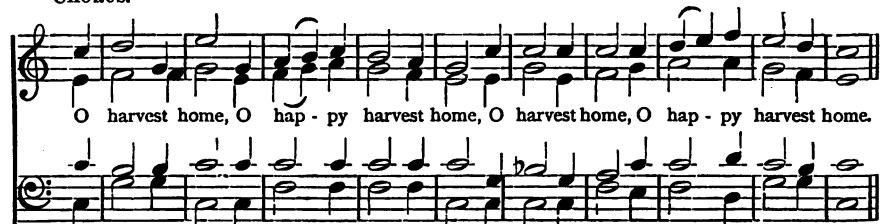
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HARVEST HOME.

J. B. LITLER.



CHORUS.



1 THE song of the heavenly harvest home,
 When garnered the golden grain,
 O day of rejoicing, we bid thee come,
 And finish our toil and pain.
 O day of reward for exhausting toil,
 Of laughter, in place of tears,
 Of faces refreshed, relieved from soil,
 Of banished distressful fears.
 O Harvest Home,
 O happy Harvest Home.

2 The angels are standing, expectant soon
 Of summons to speed below,
 With sickles that flash as the crescent moon
 And flutt'ring wings of snow.
 The fields upon earth are whitening fast,
 With harvest of wheat and tare,
 The season of growing will soon be past
 And shortly the fields be bare.

3 Then sudden will echo the trumpet call,
The angels will speed nor stay,
The corn will be cut and the tares will fall,
Alike on that awful day :
The cockle, the poppy, the wheat, the rye,
Together so long that grew,
That ripened beneath the selfsame sky,
That drank of the selfsame dew.

4 The bundles of tares will aside be thrown,
To burn in the starless night,
The corn will be gathered, its worth well-known,
And garnered in glorious light.
O day of rejoicing for which we long !
O day of unsetting sun !
O banquet of sweetness ! O feast of song !
O holiday, never done !

PERTHOLLEY.

289

J. B. LITLER.



1 OUR voices we raise,
Thy mercies to praise,
O Giver of Life,
For the first-fruits of harvest, with happiness rife ;
Of ourselves we are nought,
But Thy mercy hath brought,
Through the summer of grace.
Our spirits in peace to a beautiful place.

2 The seed hath been sown,
The green blade hath grown,
The full ear hath borne
The crown of the summer, the beautiful corn ;
Another year sped,
Its sunlight hath shed
On the spirit of man,
And the Lord of the harvest its ripeness may scan.

3 In the turn of a day,
Bright flowers pass away,
Then the fruit cometh on ;
The sunlight matures when the blossom hath gone ;

Like the fall of a flower,
In a day, in an hour,
Our hopes drop their bloom,
But the sunlight of heaven draws life from the tomb.

4 When the full time is come,
For the great Harvest-home,
Then cometh the end,
The Lord of the harvest His Reapers shall send ;
They gather the corn,
In the dew of the morn,
At the dawn of the day ;
To the garner of Heaven they bear it away.

5 O Master of Life,
From the toil and the strife,
When at last we are free,
In the harvest of souls be our portion with Thee ;
Where the day has no night,
Nor is mildew nor blight,
Nor frail blossoms fall,
But God in His fulness shines forth all in all. Amen.

FUNERALS.

290

TRALEE.

GAELIC TUNE.



1 O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home thy lovely child.

2 Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue ;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sing.

3 Her smile is as a listening child's,
Who hears its mother's call ;

The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

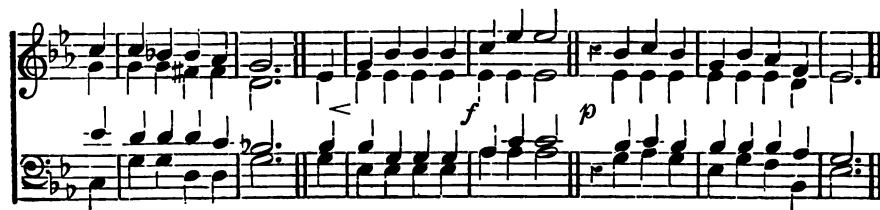
4 She leans from out her clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine ;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign.

5 O ! less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray ;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's
To Thee shall point the way. Amen.

291

TATTON.

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 SAFE home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck :—
But oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er !
- 2 The prize, the prize secure !
The wrestler nearly fell ;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well :—
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor garland on !
- 2 No more the foe can harm !
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp :—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned !
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end :—
But one came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
- 5 The exile is at home !
Oh nights and days of tears !
Oh longings not to roam !
Oh sins and doubts and fears !
What matters now grief's darkest day
When God has wiped all tears away ?
- 6 O happy, happy Bride !
Thy widowed hours are passed,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last !
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up !

BRAMHALL.

292

J. B. LITTLER.



- 1 WHEN all was silent—neither moan nor cheering,
The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,
And here the voiceless sigh, the unspoken prayer ;
- 2 Did He not enter in when that cold sleeper Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise ?
- 3 Come to us, Saviour ! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and passionate grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of Resurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true Belief.
- 4 Come ! with that Human Voice that breaks in weeping,
Come ! with that awful tenderness divine,
Come ! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee ; for they are Thine.

293

FARNHAM. [FIRST TUNE.]

*ELIZABETHAN, 1574.



CRUMLIN. [SECOND TUNE.]

J. B. LITLER.



- 1 In Paradise reposing
By Life's eternal well,
The tender lambs of Jesus
In greenest pastures dwell.
- 2 There palms and tiny crownlets
Aglow with brightest gem,
Bedeck the baby Martyrs
Who died in Bethlehem.
- 3 With them the rose-wreathed army
Of children undefiled,
Who passed through mortal torments
For love of Christ the Child.

- 4 With them in peace unending
With them in joyous mirth,
Are all the stainless infants
Which since have gone from earth.
- 5 The Angels, once their guardians,
Their fellows now in grace,
With them, in love adoring,
See God the Father's Face.
- 6 O Jesu, loving Shepherd,
Who tenderly dost bear
Thy lambs in Thine own Bosom,
Bring us to join them there. Amen.

SINGLE CHANTS.

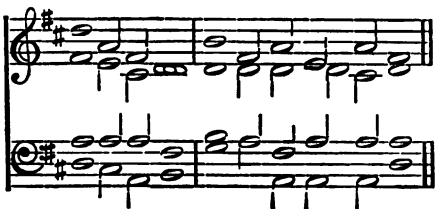
BY THE EDITOR.

[A.D. 1849.—ÆTAT. 15.]

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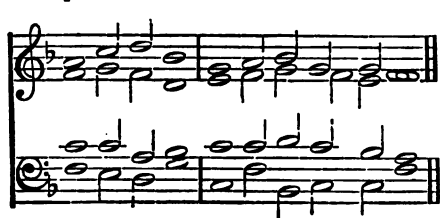
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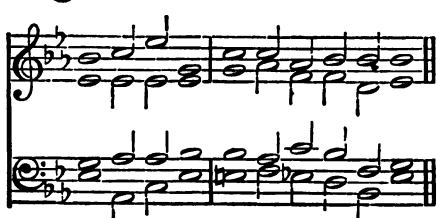
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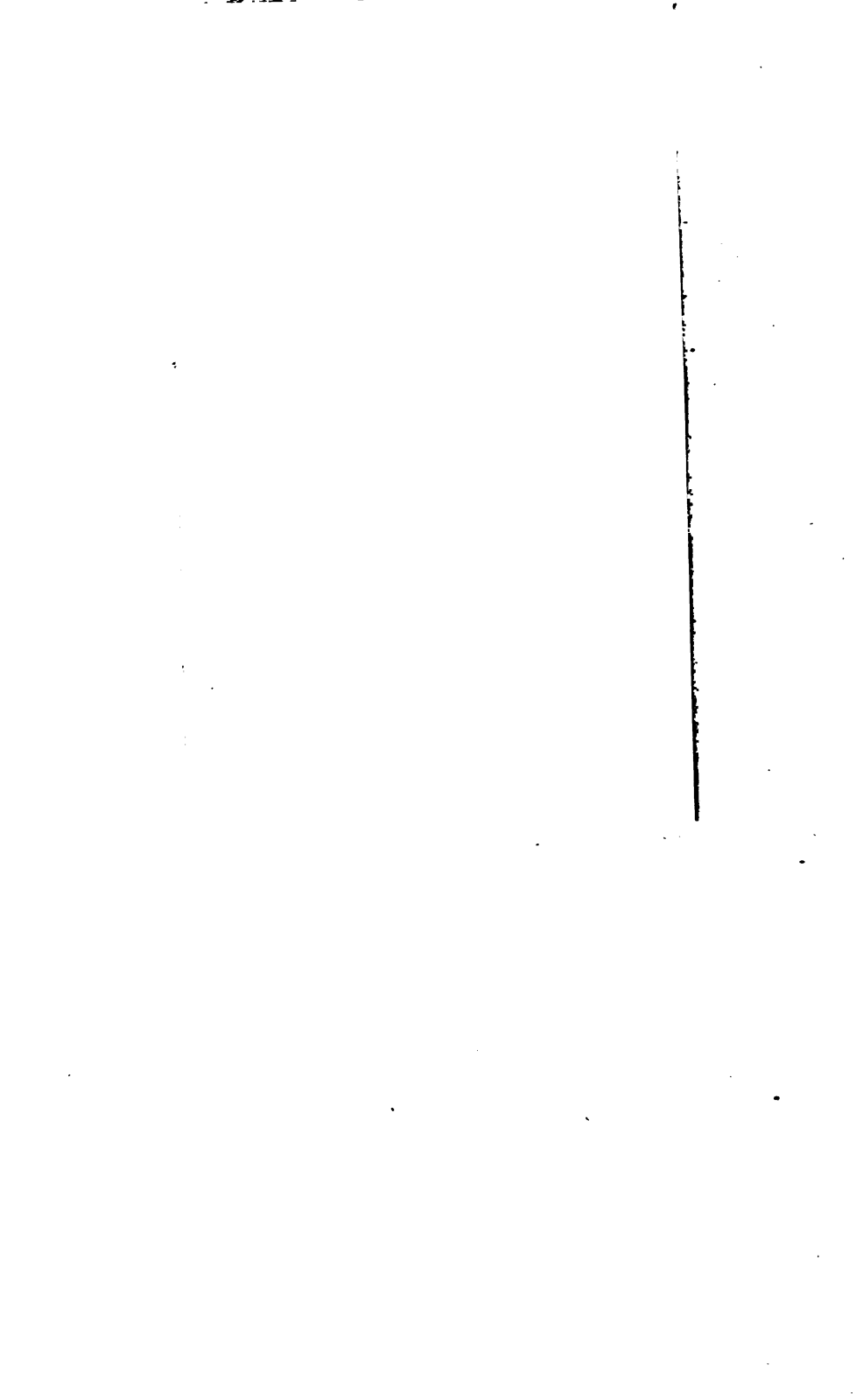
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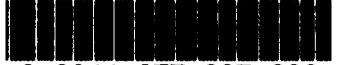




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